JANUARY 1987

AUSTRALIAN

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PLAYBOY

SUCCESSFUL SEDUCTIONS: HOW THEY WORK

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE GOOD LIFE

SYDNEY'S SIZZLING SISTERS

KIDS OF ROCK IDOLS TELL ALL

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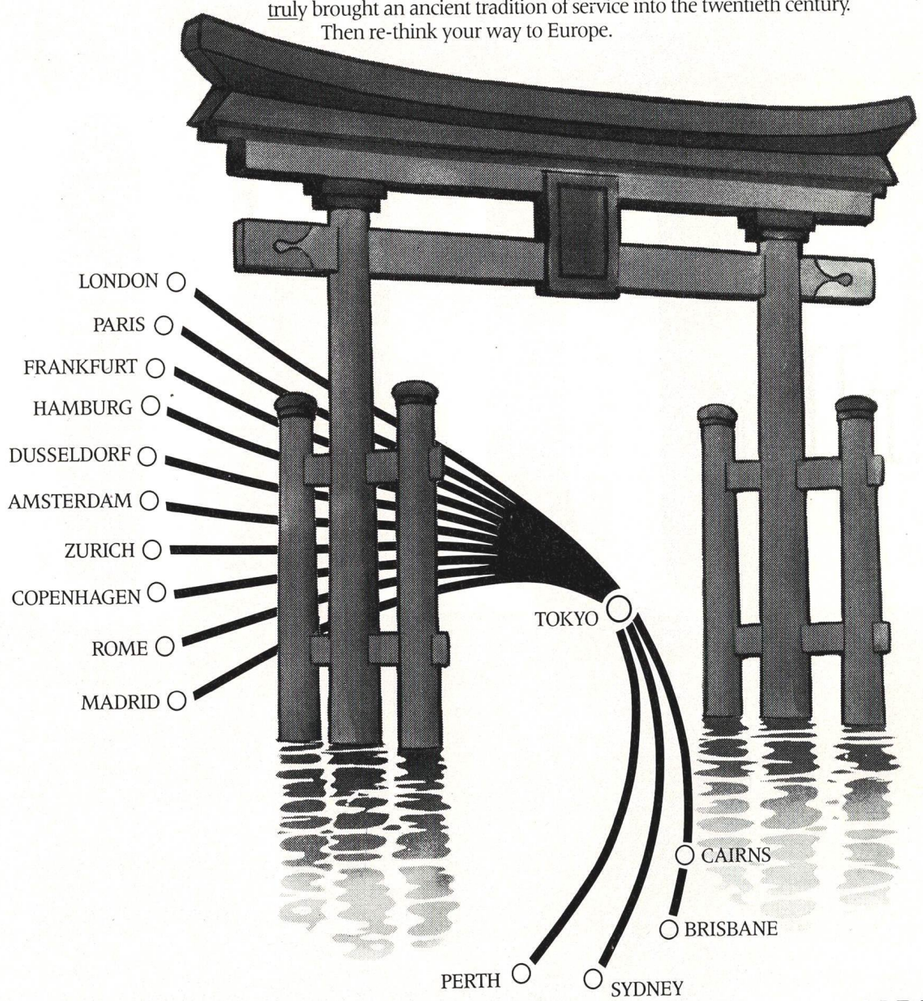

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PLAYBILL

What better way to kick off a brand new year than to start the ball rolling with a reprise of our 1986 Playmates? The 12 stunning centrefolds featured from last January to December are presented in a knockout countdown to our 1987 Playmate Of The Year. And this year we want you to help us choose the lucky winner by casting a vote for your favorite Playmate. There's a chance, too, to win the date of a lifetime with the 1987 Playmate Of The Year.

Hey, come back! We haven't finished. In fact, we've only just started. Wait until you feast your eyes on our first Playmate for 1987, the fabulous Laurie Carr, photographed by **Arny Freytag.** Our other pictorials this month include Elisabeth and Florence, Sydney sisters who fairly sizzle with sexy style. Their *Oh, Sister!* spread was shot by Bob Watson. Then there's sultry, super-fit Collette Saunders who really kept **Leslie Turtle** hopping while shooting her *Fit For Everything* pictorial.

Steve Bunk pinned down our federal Minister for Tourism, John Brown, for the Playboy Interview this January. The ever-smiling Brown, variously known as the G'day Minister and the Minister for Good Times, has plenty to say about the selling of Australia and those piddling little koalas.

Australia is being sold so well overseas, in fact, that you may have noticed our prime tourism areas have been inundated with sumo-sized groups of camera-toting Japanese. What makes these inscrutable people tick? To find out, **Danny Rose** visited Tokyo and discovered that the deadpan face of Japanese business hides some pretty weird contradictions. *The Japanese Unmasked* is partnered by fine artwork from **Donna Cross.**

What's it like to be Tina Turner's son or Frank Zappa's daughter? In *Rock Brats* by **Jean Penn,** the children of famous rock'n'roll stars sound off about their parents. Growing up to the beat of a different drummer, it seems, may not be such a groovy gig after all.

Your idea of a seductive evening for two is hot sex and frozen pizza. She has warm romance and chilled champagne in mind. How to get it together? Dip into **Susan Kurosawa**'s *Anatomy Of A Seduction* and find out how to shape up as a veritable Casanova. (Step one: Whip those crunchy sheets off the bed and boot your flatmates out the door!) **Scott Kennedy** produced the lively illustration.

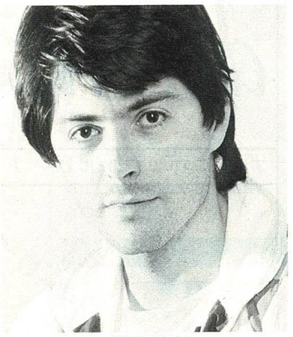
Playboy's Guide To The Good Life is a rousing toast to civilised pleasures, and it includes a sensational spread of Kathy Shower, the 1986 US Playmate Of The Year, dancing a wild, wild tango, plus at-home entertaining tips from Australia's top chefs compiled by **Lyn Adams** and **Peter Olszewski.**

If you like the idea of a four-wheel-drive vehicle but don't necessarily want to go bush-bashing in a jeep, then the stylish Alfa Monte Carlo is the car for you. In *Four-Wheel-Drive Finesse,* **Rob Luck** takes the good-lookin' Alfa for a spin. His verdict? When the going gets tough, the gutsy Monte Carlo gets going.

In *Court Order,* **Vitek** serves up some fine tennis gear to have you looking like a Davis Cup star this summer. **Mike Agostini**'s *No Sweat,* teamed with **Frants Kantor**'s art, concludes you don't need to kill yourself to get in really good shape, **Bettina Arndt**'s Sex pages are filled with the latest news and views from around the world, **Graham Barry**'s Showbiz column is packed with fresh gossip and latest movie ratings, and **Cynthia Heimel** looks at mean, moody and magnificent heroines of the silver screen in the Women page.

Australian PLAYBOY welcomes you to 1987. We have a feeling it's going to be quite a year.

CROSS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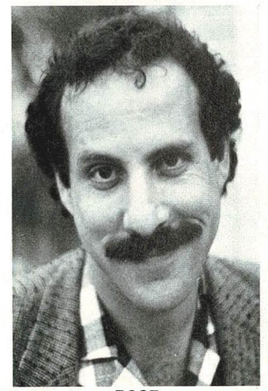
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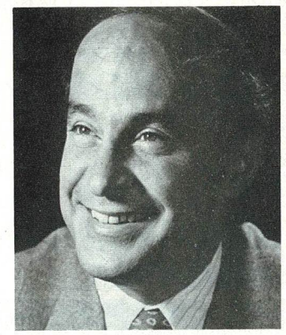
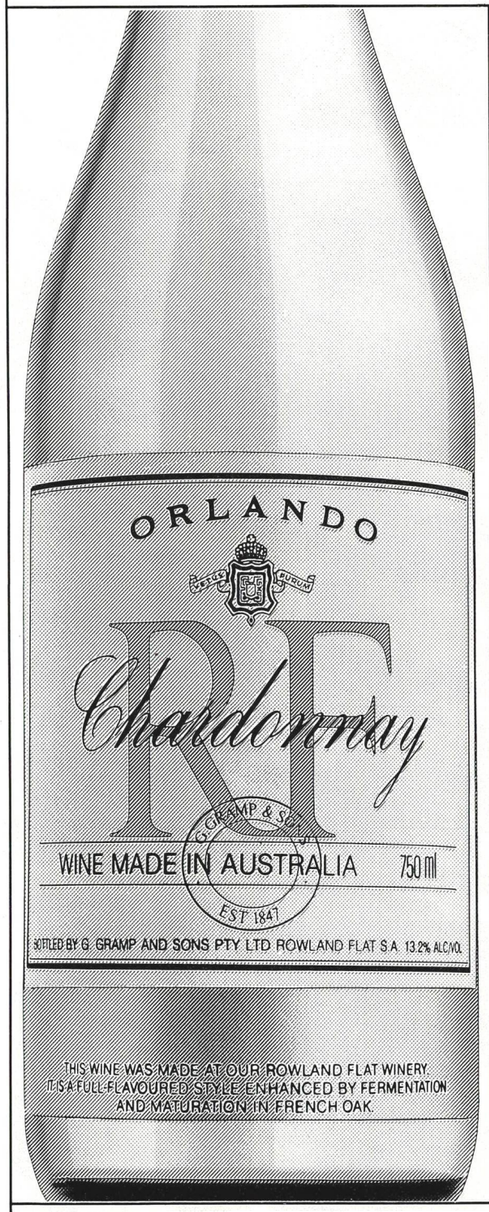

AGOSTINI

PENN

"Great Chardonnay doesn't have to be expensive."

TONY LORD, PUBLISHER, DECANTER MAGAZINE, LONDON.


ORLANDO
RF
Chardonnay
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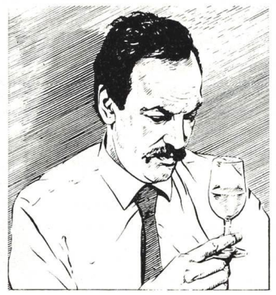
750 ml
BOTTLED BY G. GRAMP AND SONS PTY LTD ROWLAND FLAT S.A. 13.2% ALC/VOL
THIS WINE WAS MADE AT OUR ROWLAND FLAT WINERY.
IT IS A FULL-FLAVOURED STYLE ENHANCED BY FERMENTATION
AND MATURATION IN FRENCH OAK.



Writing in The Australian, Tony Lord, Publisher of Decanter Magazine, the world's leading wine magazine, described the 1984 Orlando RF Chardonnay as "a delicious wine and outstanding value by international standards." So we sent a few bottles of our 1985 vintage to London for him to taste. His description of it is "a wine of fine balance. You can drink it now, but put a few bottles aside and you will get a very nice surprise."

APB0218A JWT069 P 717K3

Orlando RF Chardonnay.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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Pictorial, pages 41-47: sheets and towels from Mansours; lingerie by Fine Lines from Rosie Nice.

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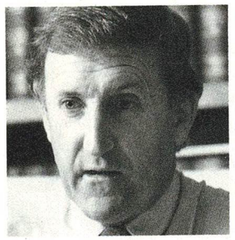

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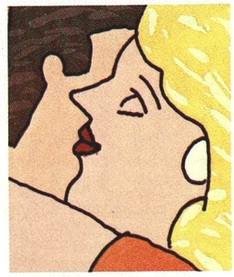

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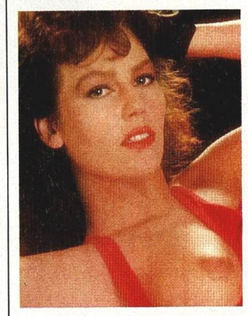

Cast your vote for our next Playmate Of The Year.

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SEX
Exploring the wonderful world of sex with Bettina Arndt.

The Alfa 90. The car that exemplifies all the style, the luxury and the power that is Alfa Romeo.

A luxury vehicle that truly reflects La Dolce Vita, the good life!

The Alfa 90 epitomizes Alfa Romeo's 'driver first' approach to automotive design.

From the innovative mobile spoiler which automatically lowers or retracts to stabilize body lift, to the legendary, race winning, **all-alloy 2.5 litre 60° V6 engine,** the Alfa 90 delivers power and agility that is second to none.

Add **variable-ratio power steering, four wheel disc brakes** with a rear 'anti-lock' pressure regulator and the new **isostatic gearbox** to the standard features of **thermostatically controlled air conditioning,** central locking, 4 speaker digital stereo and a removable in-dash briefcase, and you have a luxury motor vehicle that sets new standards in automotive excellence.

And, of course, the Alfa 90 carries Alfa Romeo's 12 month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6 year anti-corrosion protection, ensuring that your investment will last for many exciting driving years to come.

ALFA ROMEO 12 PLUS
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• 12 MONTH UNLIMITED KILOMETRE WARRANTY
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Experience the luxury and performance of the Alfa 90 at your Alfa Romeo Dealer today and experience the good life.

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

RICH STUFF

Referring to the article *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* in your September issue, if Phil Jarratt wants to be really rich, there are better scams available than real estate or the lecture circuit.

For instance, there was the fellow who advertised in a Queensland newspaper that for a modest sum of money he could supply the means for cutting your household electricity bill in half.

Yes, you guessed it. By return mail, and costing a fraction of your capital outlay, you received a pair of scissors and instructions on their use.

Perhaps Jarratt could do a sequel on other tricks to part a fool and his money!

H. Todd,
East Brisbane, Qld.

GREAT DANE

Thanks for the great September cover of Brigitte Nielsen and the stunning photos inside. I've never reckoned Sylvester Stallone can act but he sure must be doing something right!

P.P.,
Launceston, Tas.

I've always been attracted to cool, Scandinavian-looking women and after seeing your September issue I've put Brigitte Nielsen on top of my list. What time does the next plane leave?

F.R.,
Northbridge, NSW.

ROMANCING THE BONE

Ace! Ace! C'mon, a great article, but *really*, a bloke's favorite girl has got the best hands!

John Bray,
Esperance, WA.

Thanks to all those readers who tossed off letters about Asa Baber's landmark Men column on masturbation in the August issue —Ed.

DRIVEN TO DRINK

My compliments go to Richard Beckett for his excellent article, *Wine: Uncorking The Myths,* in the August issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

After years of putting up with nose-in-the-air wankers carrying on about wine, it's good to find someone writing common sense for us peasants. The pretensions held about wine in this country are enough to drive one to drink!

And the *Duffer's Guide To Winespeak* was one of the funniest "dictionaries" I've seen in ages.

John McClure,
Glengowrie, SA.

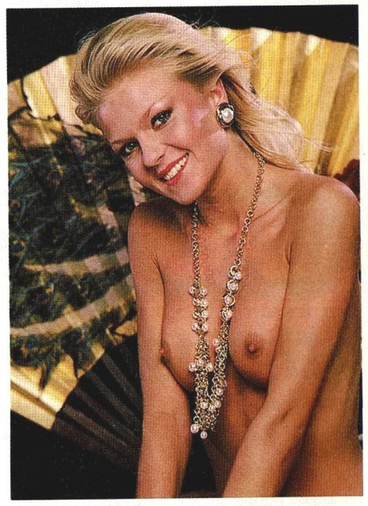
DELICIOUS DOUBLE

Two of the most divine females I've *ever* laid eyes on. . . and both in the same issue of Australian PLAYBOY!

I refer (need I say it?) to Claudia Muller, your gorgeous Miss November, and that luscious blonde, Marie Cartland. I know you usually run only one pic on the Dear Playboy page but how about a delicious double?

Sam F.,
Belmore, NSW.

Here's Marie. . . turn to page 102 for our Playmate Review and another peep at Claudia. We presume we can record your vote for Playmate Of The Year, Sam? — Ed.



HOT AUGUST NIGHTS

When I picked up a copy of August Australian PLAYBOY I almost burned my fingers. What a *hot* issue!

Your cover girl, Lisa Gauci, is a stunner. And along with the magical Lynn Austin, who could ask for more in a magazine? Your staple-free Australian PLAYBOY is a truly high-class magazine. Keep it up.

Steven Reibelt,
Carindale, Qld.

HOURS OF LAUGHS

Just a note to say I always get a good laugh from the After Hours page (where *do* you get some of those items from?) but I loved the pic of the Tree Of Man in the October issue and just wanted to say thanks to that reader for sending it in.

Are you in the market for more zany pics?

S.L.,
Gympie, Qld.

Yes, please. We pay $25 per item published on the After Hours page — Ed.

BOTH SIDES NOW

Congratulations on the new type of centrefolds. I was sick of removing the staples when taking out the Playmate posters.

Now I'd like to suggest that you use the reverse side of the centrefold to show the Playmate's back view!

G.N.,
Broken Hill, NSW.

Where are you going to hang it? On a window? Seriously, your idea does make more sense than the reader who suggested we have inflatable centrefolds! Think of the problems we'd have working out where to insert the valve — Ed.

SOUND ADVICE

I refer to your *Fidelity Wars* article in the August issue. In his last paragraph, David Wilson, while attempting to condemn CD, exposes a level of irrational paranoia inherent in his arguments.

Never mind the fact that he is obviously comparing the performance of base CD players (commonly an add-on $399 to upgrade an existing sound system) with near ultimate analog systems (commonly $10,000 plus). Hardly a fair comparison.

But to end on a note of sour grapes with totally unsubstantiated research indicates the paucity of a genuine defence of analog systems, at least in terms of sound quality.

It's a pity because one of the most commonly held fallacies about CD is that it somehow makes LPs and tapes redundant. My experience with a CD player (Philips 204) is the exact opposite. It has rekindled my interest in both analog and digital forms.

Bill Fenton,
Clifton Hill, Vic.

TERRORISM AT HOME

Your article on bomb disposal, *Tick. . . Tick. . . Tick,* in the August issue makes one realise that terrorism has become the preferred means of achieving recognition.

Putting aside Sir Joh's speculations about terrorist training here and the Russell Street bombings, Australia has seldom been seen as a target for such activities. However, with uranium sales to make us a target, we could perhaps even need some "sapper" expertise ourselves.

Robert Hughes,
Maryborough, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

VORTEX
the name behind
the pleasure
The performance of any spa bath or spa pool is only as good as the equipment that serves it. And the best equipment Australia has to offer is the new Vortex range by Finsbury Pumps:
Unique self-draining spa pumps with optional integrated heaters and the most advanced filtration systems available.
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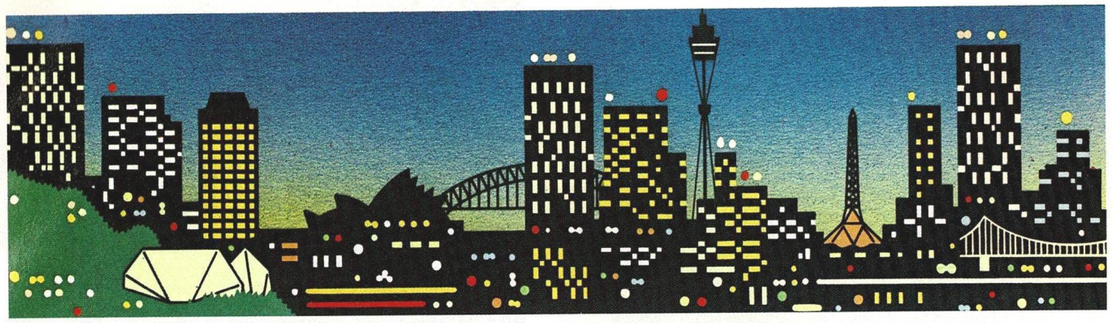
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



LEFT LUGGAGE

We've all heard horror stories of bags bound for Melbourne turning up in Morocco but how would you feel if your aircraft were turned back because someone forgot to even load the luggage?

A chartered plane on its way from Birmingham to Crete had just reached cruising altitude when passengers were told they would be returning to the starting point. "We have forgotten the luggage," the captain announced to the bewildered holidaymakers. Seems the ground staff at Birmingham Airport had discovered a trolley full of bags and realised they should have been on board the flight to Crete.

It couldn't possibly happen here! Could it?

ONE-NIGHT STAND

After being arrested for public intoxication, a 23-year-old Arkansas man made himself even more of a nuisance by getting his penis stuck in the jail's metal bunk bed. A warden making his rounds found that the prisoner had evidently tried to have intercourse with a hole in the bunk and could not extricate himself.

When ice failed to reduce the swelling, the bed had to be disconnected from the wall with a cutting torch and taken to hospital with the unfortunate man.

We just hope they still respected each other in the morning.

JUST DESERTS

Pleading not guilty to bag-snatching in a busy Brisbane shopping centre, the man decided to conduct his own defence in court.

He opened his cross-examination of the female victim by asking her: "And tell me, madam, did you get a good look at my face when I grabbed your bag?"

The courtroom dissolved in laughter and the man was fined a suitably hefty sum.

A REAL TROUPER

We're all aware of allegations of corruption in the New South Wales government and police force but it seems Australia is not the only place riddled with rumor and suspicious goings-on.

During an inquiry into the conduct of a police precinct in a major Canadian city, the commission was told that a sergeant had admitted to more than 300 thefts while on duty.

"I started to come apart in 1980," the sergeant said, "after I shot a bank robber who was disguised as a polar bear. Several of my best men were alcoholics and I stole to keep them afloat. I reported these things to my captain but he was a drunkard too. He suspended me on half pay when I proposed that Alcoholics Anonymous should set up a special branch within our force."

A real trouper to the last, the policeman rounded off his pathetic plea by saying that he never stole while out of uniform.

EATING IN

Melbourne City Council recently received yet another application for a permit to establish the first legal brothel in the city's central business district.

The company is called Popular Pastime. This may seem an appropriate enough name but even more apt is the name of one of the company principals, a certain F. Burgers.

We've always held that people tend to gravitate toward jobs which suit their names. This person's destiny obviously lay in either fast food or, well, nourishment of another kind. . .

AN ILL WIND

According to New Zealand research chemists, unpredictable climatic changes could occur because of the post-dining habits of that country's huge population of sheep.

Preliminary results of experiments on methane concentrations in the atmosphere have shown that flatulent sheep are contributing to soaring pollution levels. Combined with rising levels of carbon dioxide and other gases, the methane could form the long predicted "greenhouse effect", causing increased temperatures and upsetting weather patterns over the next 40 years.

This present problem is in marked contrast to optimistic findings in the 1970s. At that time, it was suggested that the methane output of sheep be harnessed as an energy source. The average sheep, it was reported, puts out an estimated 11 litres per day. Even the most unsavory human could manage only a small fraction of that.

In fact, theoretically, the methane from one New Zealand sheep could run a small car for a couple of kilometres. On the other hand, researchers concluded that it would take an entire football team gassed up on huge quantities of beer to achieve the same high-powered results. At time of writing, no volunteer researchers had fronted up for *that* one.

NIGHT MOVES

Ever wondered how to show a girl a really fun Friday evening? One Sydney lad thought he had the answer when he stole a car in an inner-city suburb, picked up his date for the evening, took her along for a few bag snatches and assaults on female pedestrians in Sydney's inner west and then, as a climax to the night, thundered through a stop sign straight into a police patrol car.

He bolted from the scene and the girl spent the weekend in jail pending a court hearing on Monday morning. From what we've heard, he didn't even treat his date to a Chiko Roll!

(Susan Kurosawa has some slightly different ideas on how to cook up the perfect evening for two. See her *Anatomy Of A Seduction* on page 48.)

HIGH-FLYING FISH

With the international cricket season in full swing, spare a thought for all those earnest social cricketers. They have problems with seagulls too, you know.

In one incident we heard of, play was interrupted as a batsman fled to avoid being hit by a rather stout mackerel dropped by a passing gull!

DON'T TELL YOUR ANALYST

At long last someone has defined the value of psychiatrists. A gunman holding hostages at a hospital in Berlin released one of them, a psychiatrist, in return for five hamburgers, five cheeseburgers and a serve of chips.

Are your tyres flat out keeping up with your engine?

Many low profile tyres are all show and no go. The Bridgestone Eager S330 and the Bridgestone S311 are two notable exceptions.

Bridgestone Eager S330.
This ultra-low 50 series steel belted radial tyre has been specifically engineered for customised street performance cars.

It is rated for speeds up to 210km/h, which means the competition doesn't rate a second thought.

The superiority of the Eager is due to Bridgestone's patented Superfiller, a super hard rubber sandwiched into the tyre bead.

This results in a wide flat tread, a rigid bead and a flexible sidewall: the perfect combination for a high performance tyre.

The wide flat tread gets a firmer grip on the road, the rigid bead transmits that grip to the car and the flexible sidewalls absorb shocks that would normally lift the tread off the road.

The aggressive tread pattern with its big thirsty grooves delivers precise handling and outstanding performance at all times.

Wet or dry, Eager leaves all the competition standing still.

Bridgestone S311.
This low profile 60 series tyre is rated for speeds up to 210km/h.

Developed through intensive testing on irregular surface highways, the S311 incorporates Bridgestone's exclusive Superfiller construction, for outstanding grip in both wet and dry conditions.

The low profile and wide track tread increases control and gives exceptional handling stability and responsive steering, especially in the fast lane.

You have a choice of dramatic white or plain black raised sidewall lettering, depending on how high or low a profile you wish to maintain.

A different breed of tyre.
Bridgestone high performance steel radials are the most technically advanced on the road today.

Whether you drive a European thoroughbred, a new breed sports coupe or a locally built muscle car, there is a Bridgestone tyre to help you to appreciate your car's capabilities to the utmost.

BAL 4006

BRIDGESTONE

FOOD

Hot, spicy food and long, cool drinks can really lift your spirits on a stinking summer's day.

There was once a bizarre piece of folklore in this country that claimed the best thing for you on a hot day was a pint pot of black, steaming, unsweetened tea. The theory went that the stinking hot, dark and bitter brew made you sweat and therefore you felt cooler.

The fact that you were *not* actually cooler didn't enter into the matter. There was about as much truth in that fable as the one which claimed goanna oil would eat through glass.

There is, however, a lot of truth in the saying that hot, spicy food, accompanied by soothing, cool, but not frozen drinks, can do a lot to lift the spirits during the course of one of our famous Aussie summer stinkers.

I'm not talking here about what most of us generally regard as curry. Although I'm perfectly prepared to eat it occasionally during the summer, the thought of even attempting to prepare it properly sends me searching for the nearest air-conditioner and a plastic container of takeaway anything.

But there are a number of dishes that will lift the palate without cooking the chef. They are all based around relishes that can be added to almost any type of food at the time of eating. These can vary from a small saucer of plain chilli powder to a whole gamut of amazing concoctions. One that comes to mind for a dish of Nonya or Straits Chinese noodles consists of 40 dried and 10 fresh chillies, 30 shallots and five cloves of garlic, all fried in oil and mixed with coconut milk.

Any number of these relishes (known as sambals in Dutch-Indonesian cooking) can be bought at stores that specialise in Asian groceries. They are all to a greater or lesser extent based on chilli. But as long as they are used in small quantities, they will lift the taste of the food without burning you to pieces.

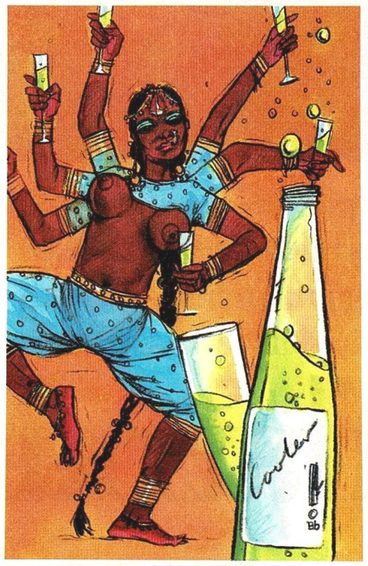
Making your own Asian-style relishes is quite simple. A very basic one can be put together by mixing one teaspoon of Chinese chilli paste with a tablespoon of soy sauce in a small saucer.

A second can be made by combining some soy sauce, a little vinegar, plus a dash of sesame oil in a small Chinese rice bowl, and then adding two finely sliced fresh red chillies (or more, depending on the amount of heat you want) and one or two finely sliced green onions. The mixture should be allowed to stand for a couple of hours at room temperature for the chilli to work through the liquids.

Both of these sauces make excellent dips for cooked crab, prawns and pieces of plain boiled chicken. You can also use them for takeaway barbecued chicken, but take care to buy a plainly barbecued chicken, not one that has been massacred by one of those appalling "secret" sauces which to my mind seem to consist of sump oil and garlic powder mix.

For grilled or barbecued meat of any kind, the best relish widely available is the Malay-Indonesian satay sauce, put out by a number of firms ranging from Chinese to British. The best at present appear to be the tinned variety, made under a number of brands in Singapore. One can, given a spare day or so, make one's own satay sauce. But the commercial varieties are good enough in their own way to make this exercise somewhat pointless.

And if the whole business of threading tiny portions of meat on to bamboo skewers and marinading them in soy and chilli sauce with a dash of coconut milk before getting around to serving them with the satay mixture seems too much, a very quick lookalike using lamb cutlets is excellent.



But do go to the trouble of buying *real* lamb cutlets; don't compromise on barbecue forequarter chops, or even loin chops for that matter, and *don't*, whatever you do, crumb the darned things.

All you have to do is place the cutlets on a large dish, grind a little pepper over them, crush up a couple of cloves of garlic and dot the bits on the chops, together with a squeeze of lemon juice and perhaps a few drops of sesame oil, then leave them to stand for an hour.

Then grill them quickly, either indoors or on a barbecue, heat up the satay sauce and allow people to help themselves to cutlets and relish. You'll need a large supply of cutlets and satay sauce as they go like lightning. They're also good because they're what the Americans call "finger food", with the cutlet bone providing a useful lifting handle. Just have a bone dish handy so your friends don't throw them behind the bar.

This commercial satay sauce also goes well with grilled fillet steak, chicken and green prawns. Marinading all three of these in a little soy, crushed garlic and a touch of oil beforehand helps to keep them moist while cooking. And remember, you don't have to skewer the things, but keep the fillet slices relatively thin and the chicken pieces on the small side (packaged wings are good, but if you prefer breasts, cut them in half before grilling).

A final note on satay sauces. There are many brands, and although they all contain peanuts as an essential base, other ingredients vary. Some can be very hot indeed, others quite bland. You will probably have to do at least a little brand shopping to find the one you like best.

As to what to drink with these hot foods — the people who eat them every day usually don't imbibe as they are generally Muslims. For those of you who don't want to drink beer with everything during the summer months, the wine coolers are not to be overlooked.

There was a lot of snob jeering when wine coolers first appeared on our shores about two years ago, mainly because they came from the United States and they were not *proper* wine. I've never had much to do with them because they are too sweet. If anything, they remind me of some of the sweeter British ciders.

But they are refreshing drinks and, oddly enough, although alcoholic, have a lot in common with the sweet drinks favored throughout South-East Asia as quenchers. In other words they are very close to lime squash, rosewater and ice, sweetened yoghurt drink, and green coconut juice. And their moderate carbonation does give them the necessary tingle.

At between 4.5 to 6 percent alcohol per volume, however, they have to be treated with some caution. A 375ml bottle of the stuff carries about the same punch as a can of beer so they are by no means low alcohol.

For my unrefined palate in such matters I've found the SL Cooler about the most pleasant on a hot day. But for personal preference, give me a Heineken with my sambal any old day.

— RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

We know, you only buy it for the articles inside.

HKN 0149 AB 4981/85 Foster Nunn Loveder

MONEY

Cheap airfares may be all the go, but how far does our devalued dollar really take us?

You've just arrived in Tokyo after flying for half a day. Wrestling your baggage through customs took an hour and now all you want is a hot shower and a long sleep. You could take the airport coach to your hotel, but the size of the queue is more than you can bear. So you opt for a taxi instead. You sit back, stretch your legs, close your eyes and relax.

Eventually the taxi arrives at your hotel in downtown Tokyo. You pay the driver the 20,000 yen fare and head inside. Hours later, you lie staring at the ceiling unable to sleep. It took you a while, but you have finally realised that 20,000 yen is equal to 210 Australian dollars.

Similar shocks await Australian travellers all over the world. Lower fuel prices and increased competition have brought international air fares to their lowest levels in years. Depending on the season, it's possible to travel to Europe or America for less than $1200 return. But air fares are only one part of the cost of an overseas trip — accommodation, transfers, food and sightseeing must also be paid for. And, unlike air fares, these additional travel costs are incurred overseas where Australian money has little buying power. Since 1985, our dollar has been losing ground against almost all major currencies. It is weakest in Japan where the Australian dollar has lost 30 percent of its value against the yen over the period.

Japan may be expensive but other destinations can be almost as costly for Australians to visit. Just consider what a trip to the USA costs in Australian dollars (prices quoted are from Qantas Connections).

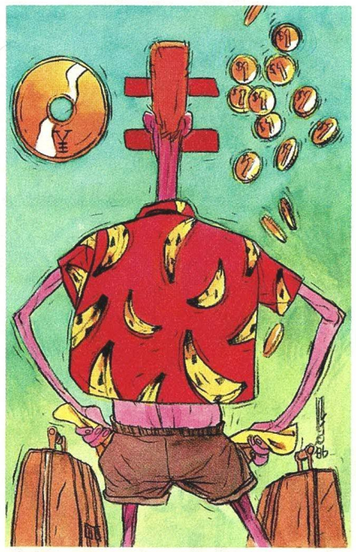
Bargain air fares to California are not too difficult to obtain. A low-season ticket sells for about $1150 return, while high-season tickets go for about $1750. The average price of a taxi to an Australian airport is $15. To this you must add $20 for departure tax as well as the price of a passport if you do not already have one. Wise travellers also purchase travel (theft and medical) insurance. Sure, you can get by without insurance, but with American hospital beds priced at more than $500 per day, I wouldn't advise it.

All your inflight booze and meals are free between Australia and California; so, too, are the movies. Thus, you will not have to part with any more money until you get to the States.

If you choose a taxi rather than the airport shuttle bus, the fare from the Los Angeles terminal to your hotel in Hollywood will cost you $50. A modestly priced hotel, with no view at all, will set you back $130 per night. A luxury room costs $200 and up; and room rates do not include any meals. Because the amount you spend for food depends on where, and how much, you eat, it is difficult to estimate food costs, so a few benchmark prices will have to do. For example, a Big Mac, fries and drink will cost you $5, a ham and cheese croissant sells for $2.50 and a very ordinary bottle of California wine costs $12. Dinner at the swank Beverly Hills Hotel goes for around $100 (for one).

Naturally, you will want to do a little touring. You can buy a seat on the famous bus tour of the stars' homes for $33 or visit the Movieland Wax Museum for $15. Admission to Sea World in San Diego is about $25.

If you travel independently to other large cities, you will find costs equally high. One night at Honolulu's Hyatt Waikiki, in a deluxe room overlooking the ocean, costs $250. A day trip to Yosemite National Park from San Francisco is priced at $145. If you make it to New York and want to see that long-running erotic revue, *Oh! Calcutta!*, the official ticket price is $50. Don't buy your ticket from an agent (or a scalper) or you can be prepared to pay as much as $100.



You should, however, always bear in mind the wonderful American institution of the half-price ticket sale, recently launched in Australia also, whereby unsold theatre tickets can be purchased, on the day, at half price.

If you are unlucky enough to fall ill in the USA, as I did, be prepared for staggering costs. A short bout of pneumonia cost me $150 for a chest X-ray, $60 for consultation and $35 for a prescription for penicillin. Medicare covered only $40 of this.

Now you see why health insurance is so important.

I could go on, but I think you are beginning to get the picture. The devalued dollar has made visiting the USA very expensive, and the situation is even worse in Japan. Not only are taxis unbelievably dear but so is just about everything else. Afternoon tea and a slice of cake can easily cost $35 and a few drinks and a plate of ricecrackers at a Ginza nightclub can set you back three times that much.

London is almost as bad. Because one Australian dollar is worth only around 40 pence, a newspaper can cost $1.50 and a short ride on the London Underground, $2.50. A room at the Park Lane Hotel goes for about $250 and even the YMCA charges $76 per night.

There are various things you can do to reduce the cost of overseas travel. For a small annual fee, you can join the Qantas Connections Club. Members have access to discounted hotel rooms, lower sightseeing prices and reduced rental-car rates in many countries.

You can also defray costs by purchasing travel packages in Australia. Qantas Jetabout packages, for example, include transfers, accommodation, some tours and meals and often the services of a tour leader. By paying in advance for such a tour, it's much easier to plan your overall holiday budget. Because such tour wholesalers book hotel rooms and rental-cars in bulk, they can offer their customers quantity discounts unavailable to the independent traveller.

Many airlines also offer very cheap stopover packages on long-haul routes. Hong Kong and Honolulu are two prime examples of economical stopover options.

You can save money by venturing out of large cities. Accommodation, food and other costs are much higher in places such as San Francisco and Los Angeles than in Portland, Oregon or Santa Fe, New Mexico. London is dearer than Edinburgh. There is plenty to see and do outside the main cities and many tourists find it enjoyable to get away from the crowds.

Of course, the depreciated dollar still means that things will be expensive wherever you choose to visit overseas.

A good rule of thumb to follow is the old traveller's adage: take half as much luggage and twice as much money as you think you will need.

— SETH GREGORY

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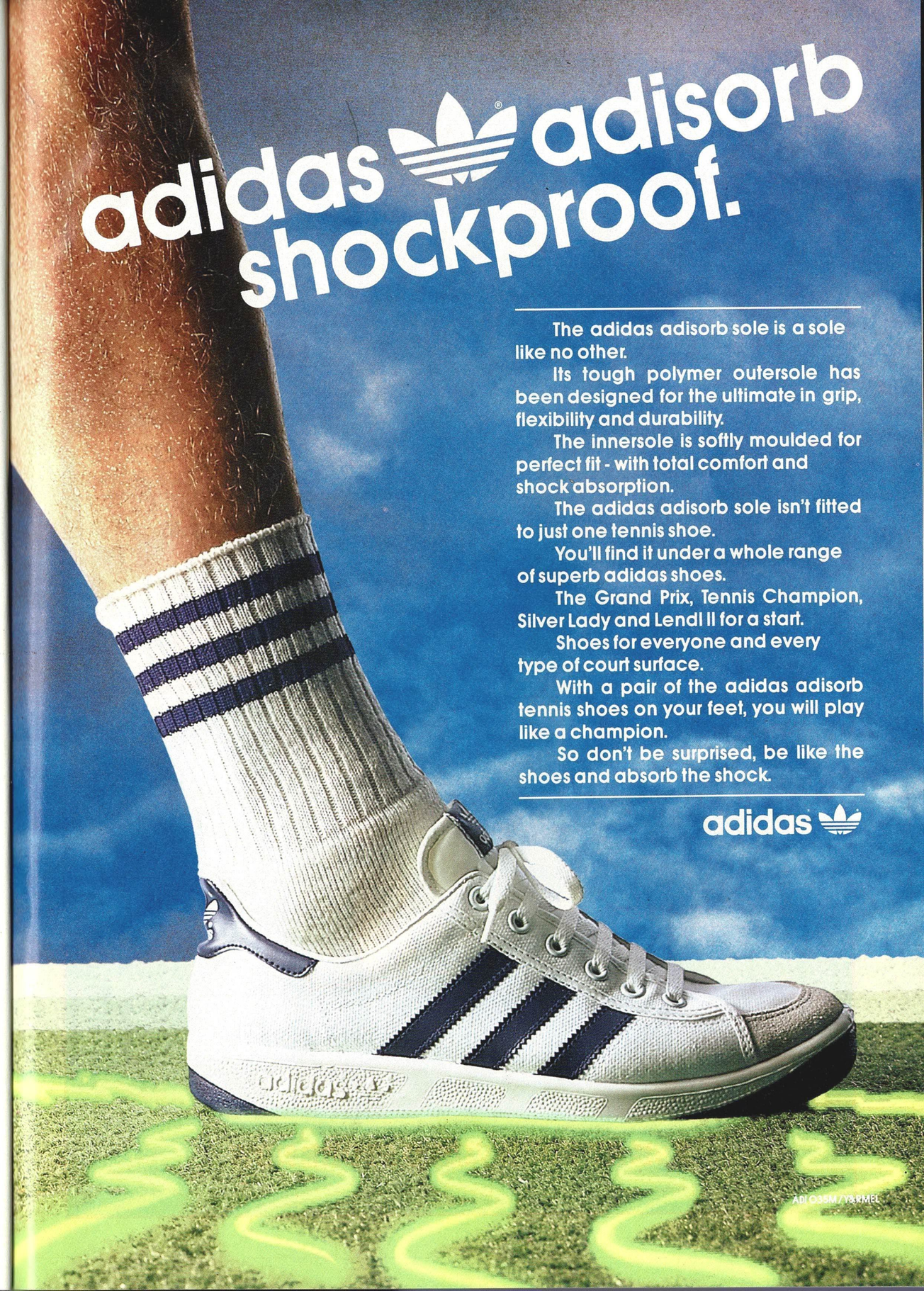
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ALL NEW!

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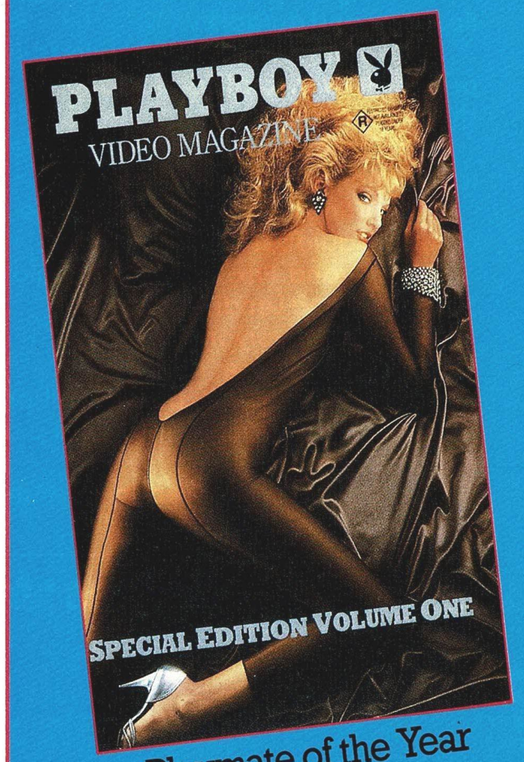
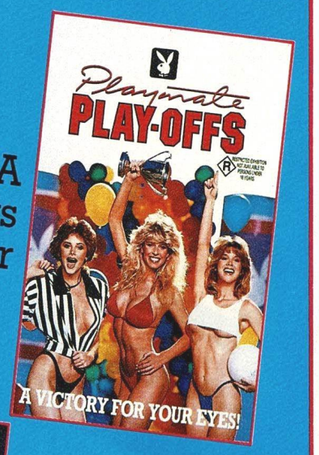
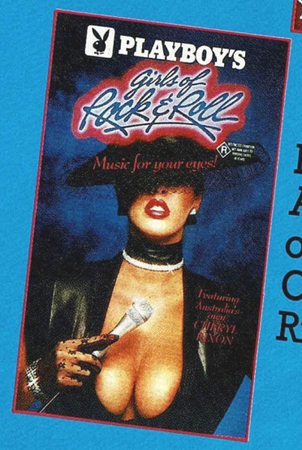


Playmate of the Year
Kathy Shower

A Fun-and-Sports Spectacular





Featuring Australia's own Cheryl Rixon

TURN ON EXCITEMENT

ASK AT YOUR VIDEO STORE NOW

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WOMEN

So who needs all those noble movie heroines? Give us dames who are mean, moody and magnificent.

I want to see a movie where there's this girl playing poker with a couple of people and a dark woman accuses her of cheating. The dark woman, incensed, stands up and pulls a gun. Then the girl's friend comes in and tries to smooth things over, the girl just keeps repeating she wasn't cheating and finally her friend says, "I can't help you, Sundancette." When the dark woman hears the name "Sundancette", she goes all white and weird and shaken.

"If I had known who you were I would never have accused you," she says. "If I draw on you, you will kill me."

"That is true," says Sundancette, and as she is leaving the dark woman calls out, "Hey, Sundancette, just how good are you?"

Sundancette needs no encouragement to whirl around and shoot the dark woman's gun belt cleanly off her body.

After that I'd like to see a movie about a bunch of girls who hang out at a diner and one of them decides she's going to get married but only if her prospective groom can answer 50 incredibly arcane questions about shoe designers. Not only will the groom have to catalogue the entire works of Giorgio Armani and Christian Dior, he will also have to identify the shoes of Evelyn Miles, Jane Debster and YSL by fondling them in the dark. All the girls at the diner think this is right and proper.

To cap off a perfect evening I'd like to see the story of a reprobate genius girl who is crude and lustful and alcoholic but unbelievably gifted, and she is led to her death by a woman who is so envious and tortured by the girl's talent that the woman spends her declining years in a psychotic state, eating sweets and calling out the gifted girl's name.

Yes, I know. I know, don't say it. There are plenty of movies now about strong women, women who shoulder monstrous burdens, who take on impossible odds and win. Women who are strong, stalwart, invincible.

The hell with these women, I say. Don't pat me on the head and take me to see Sigourney Weaver in *Aliens*. I've already seen it. I'm not impressed. Sure she looks great holding a gigantic gun and zapping giant lobsters. And I'd love to have her around if ever I was in deepest space and some *thing* wanted to set up light housekeeping in my stomach. But I wouldn't want to have her over for a cocktail and a chat. She has no personality.

I guess it was in the '60s, when movies got good for a while, that Hollywood stopped doing heroes. Instead of larger-than-life, impossibly virtuous hunks, anti-heroes were created: Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould cavorting irreverently through *M*A*S*H*, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper getting stoned and outrageous in *Easy Rider*, Dustin Hoffman in the throes of lust for a mother *and* her daughter in *The Graduate*.

So don't gesture proudly at Sigourney; I want to see women who are rowdy and difficult, who are not victims, who control their own destinies, who are prey to lust and confusion and unbelievable fuck-ups, who are complex, who are real, who are adventuresome, whose whole existence does not rely on the way in which their men treat them.

Don't show me Sally Field in *Places In The Heart*. She was a prim jerk. There was John Malcovitch, all blind and gorgeous, stumbling through her house in a most vulnerable fashion, and Sally never wanted to fuck him. It would have been so easy, that time when he came into the bathroom by mistake, when he got embarrassed and flustered, for Sally to get out of the bath and press her naked wet body up against him. I would have. Everybody I know would have. But instead Sally had to play the widow-virgin. Most tedious.

Jessica Lange in *Country*! All righteous indignation and poignant motherhood. Sam Shepard leaves because he is weak and confused and humiliated by his failure at breadwinnerdom. And she just hangs in there, without once fucking up or acting weird. Women are not really like this.

It's okay if the women are loose and complicated as long as something bad happens to them at the end. Jessica Lange in *Frances* went mad, Meryl Streep in *Silkwood* was murdered, Cher in *Mask* lost her only love, her only child, and all she is is sharp-tongued. Why can't we ever get away with anything?

Teenager movies are better, but only when they're about romance. There are interesting, endearing girls in, say, *Sixteen Candles* and *Valley Girls*. But it's the boys who use the computers, or go back into time, or set up prostitution rings.

There are, of course, exceptions, although I can't think of any at the moment except that sublime movie *Desperately Seeking Susan*, where the women are difficult, have adventures, make things happen. Madonna plays an impudent slut and gets away with it happily. The men in this movie all react to the whims and caprices of these quirky broads. They're tough, they're real, they like to get laid.

But mostly what I see when I go to the movies is Meryl Streep being victimised over and over again. Or Robert Redford deciding between good women and bad.

We are not all either passive schoolteachers or Jezebels! It's always the man who has the impossible dream, who rebels against the strictures of society, who fights desperately to be true to himself. The women are the ones who won't take the risk, who hold their men back, who are slaves to convention. Or else they are whores; they ruin men with their depravity and lust.

Men still control the money in Hollywood. If I had my own movie studio (donations graciously accepted), here's what I'd do: I would remake all Jack Nicholson movies with a woman in the lead. Jack is the quintessential anti-hero. Picture *Five Easy Pieces* starring Goldie Hawn as a lapsed concert pianist who is so tortured with the ironies of life that she has to pick up Matt Dillon at a bowling alley and fuck his brains out. *Cuckoo's Nest* with Diane Keaton leading all the mental patients to run amok. *Prizzi's Honor* where Kathleen Turner gives it to Jack in the neck, instead of the other way around.

And I would make a hundred million dollars (net), because it is largely women who decide what movie to go to. This is one of the small powers we have over men, since men know that left to their own devices they would just see *The Wild Bunch* and *The Great Escape* over and over again, so they let us decide. Wait! I know: a remake of *The Magnificent Seven* with Barbra, Goldie, Meryl, Jessica...

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

There's nothing like a parachute jump to help you come to terms with the real meaning of fear.

Fear? *Fear?* Ha! What's that? For a start, we men, *real* men that is, aren't supposed to know the meaning of the word, are we? I ask you.

The Great Male Anti-Fear Conditioning System starts early in life, when we're told "little men" aren't scared of the dentist or the first day of school. It charges on through a generation of front-row footy, schoolyard brawls, manic teenage driving, war movies, cop shows, spy novels, sexual bravado and Christ knows what else, until we're firmly in receipt of the holy creed of the Latter-Day Macho Superman, for whom a total absence of fear is the key to riches, praise, Ursula Andress, the world.

Of course, that doesn't mean we don't get scared. If anything, it only makes us more afraid than ever — afraid of *being* afraid, if you like. Jesus! What if someone *found out?*

But in everyday life — and that is assuming we're not suffering from some kind of hideous phobia related to driving a car, switching on an electric light or having dirty fingernails — we're hardly tested to the limits of our fears.

It's pretty easy, in the day-to-day running of things, to avoid confrontations, tell the odd white lie, chuckle about the fears and failings of others, hold our heads high and upper lips stiff and generally look like nothing could ever scare the shit out of us.

The subtle ones will even get around to doing something which appears terrifying to others but doesn't bug Mr Subtle in the least in order to give a healthy impression of fearlessness.

A quick parachute jump can be a wonderful antidote to all this nonsense.

In fact, if you want to be clinical about it, the whole process of the first-time instruction-and-jump course available at most Aussie parachute schools provides a very nice study of the fear myth.

Parachuting is one of those things everyone *says* they want to do, but when it comes to heading off to the school for the day — when it comes to actually *doing* it — the numbers start to thin out.

If you've done it, you'll have a fair idea of how it goes.

You've been thinking about doing a jump for years and years. Maybe you're the adventurous type. Maybe you're not and you want to be. Maybe you're feeling the vague yet strong urge experienced parachutists talk about for the inexpressible freedom of the skies. Maybe you're just curious.

Finally something clicks in your head and you think, fuck it, I'm going to do it.

You run into your best mate down the pub and commit yourself irrevocably by telling him. "I'm going to do a parachute jump on Saturday," you grin, feeling your stomach twitch.

"Bullshit! Are you? I've always wanted to do one of those. God, it'd be unreal!"

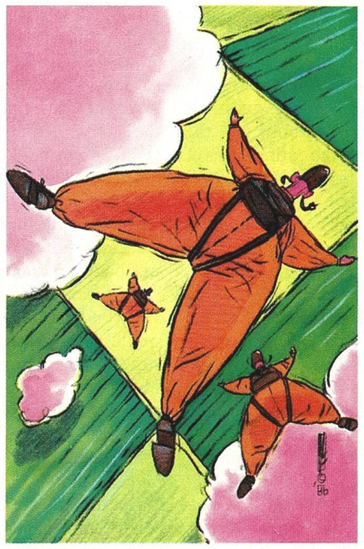
"D'you want to come too?"

Your best mate does a rapid dissemble before your very eyes.

"Shit, mate. . . you should have asked me a few days ago. I've got to go to the markets with Sharon, and we're having the in-laws around for tea."

Right, mate. Jeez, you feel brave. But once you're on your lonely way to the parachute school with plenty of time to think about what you're up to, the illusion of fearlessness seeps away.

There were eight other people doing the first-jump course the day I went down to the parachute school, and as we went up in the plane at the end of the day toward the first-time jump altitude of 750 metres, there wasn't one of us who wasn't scared.



This fear had nothing to do with the facts. We knew we were going to use a T-I0 military-style chute, regarded by most experts as the most reliable thing around, which would slow our rate of descent from a free-fall of 53.5 metres per second to maybe four — slow enough to feel like falling off a log, or thereabouts. We knew that the linkages and lines keeping us tied to the parachute were capable of withstanding ludicrous strains far beyond those exerted during a descent. We knew we wouldn't even have to pull the ripcord, that a static-line clipped to a wire in the plane would do the work, and even if a mistake occurred there were still reserve chutes sitting on our chests just begging to be deployed.

We even knew that around 1500 people do the first-jump course at this school each year, that there are almost never accidents of any kind and, in the words of one skydiver, "You're safer here than out on that fuckin' highway, and that's the truth, believe me."

Truth or not, as we leaned sideways to stare out at the ground vanishing into a darkening map of fields, woods, roads and a tiny airfield somewhere below, such facts didn't mean a hell of a lot.

From inside, the plane was like a big shiny metal coffin with smooth sides designed to avoid the snaring of an accidental chute-opening. A big, naked, doorless hole gazed blindly out of the coffin as the wind howled past. To prepare for the jump, you have to swing half-way out the hole, facing forward with both legs dangling in space, hands braced on the sides of the hole ready for the instructor's yell to launch yourself out.

If you're at all afraid of heights, if you have any doubts at all about the safety of your equipment or your ability to carry out the emergency reserve routine in the few seconds' grace between main chute failure and a high-speed touchdown or if you've ever read a story about a parachute death in a newspaper, that moment spent suspended half-out of the plane will teach you almost all you'll ever need to know about the meaning of fear.

You learn the rest in a supercharged blur of two seconds' freefall, a couple of minutes of supreme ghostly floating and an easy-as-pie landing roll. And it's when you're field-packing your chute in a kind of hopelessly adrenalised daze that the huge joke of the big fat fear myth hits you like a flash.

Jesus. . . all that fear was a fake, in a way!

It's just something that comes sneaking along in varying degrees whenever we have a go at something new or different, and if we spend our lives running away from it or pretending it doesn't exist, we never get anywhere at all. It's certainly nothing to be *afraid* of.

The ratbags who sold us the myth of the fearless hero must have had a pretty boring character in mind. After all, without the fear, the charge, the adrenalin rush, the feeling of having done something despite our fear, just where the hell is all the adventure, eh? — NICK CARROLL

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

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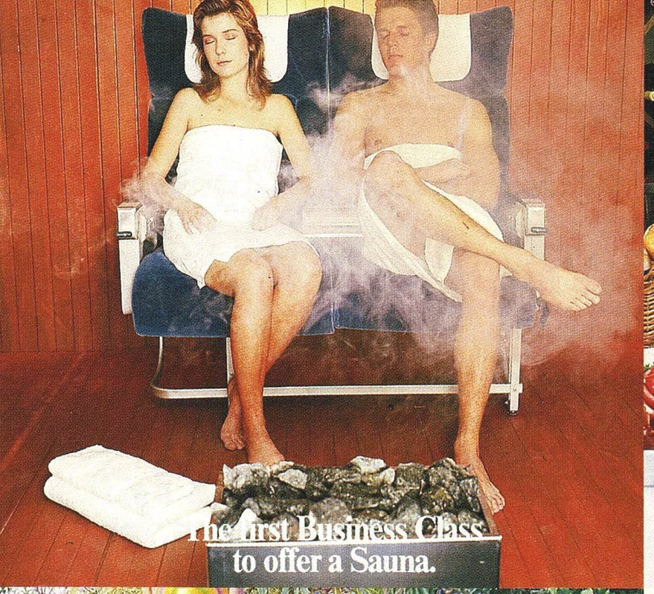

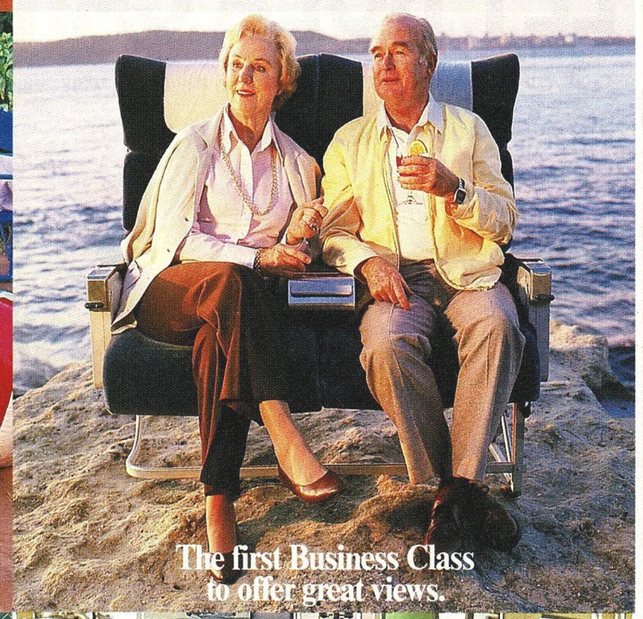

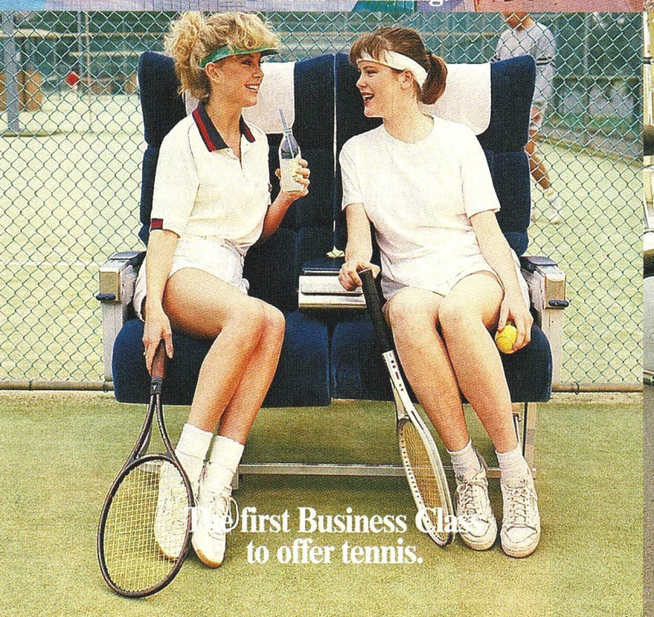

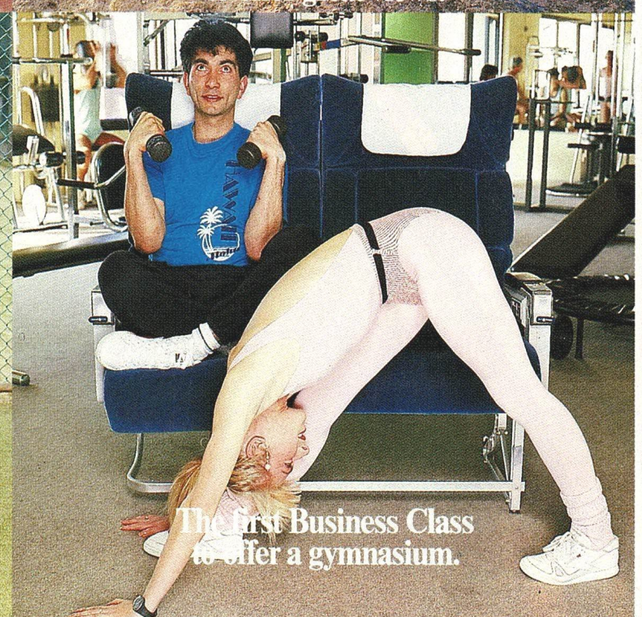

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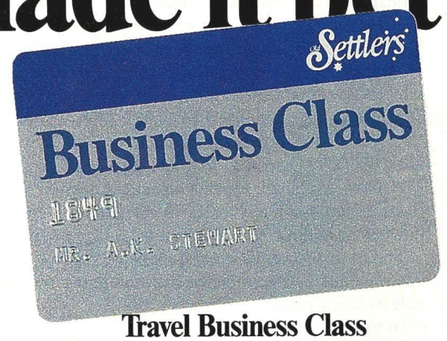

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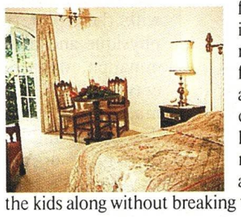

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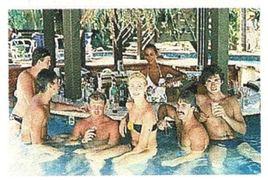

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SPORT

Blacks may be natural athletes, but why have they never made waves as world-class swimmers?

Swimming is the one major sport in which there seems to be a color bar. Not one of the social or economic kind, merely one which has dictated that, for some unknown reason, there have been few black — or even colored — champions.

For more than 50 years now, black athletes have dominated sports and games of all kinds around the world. Even in spite of color bars based purely on racial prejudice, trailblazers came along, particularly in the 1930s, opening up new avenues of social and economic growth for black and colored people.

The '30s in America was a time of major racial breakthrough, and the breakdown of previous taboos and restrictions. Men like Jackie Robinson, Joe Louis and Jesse Owens began to prove just how great the natural, and greater still the trained and developed talents of blacks indeed were.

Robinson was the first black to penetrate the previously closed all-white ranks of major league baseball. It was a long and difficult, sometimes quite nasty battle which Jackie had to fight, but he paved the way for many future greats in this sport, which today probably has as many successful and famous blacks as it does whites.

Louis, the "Brown Bomber", who in fact had skin whiter than many Australians of southern European origin, became the first truly national boxing figure, loved and generally respected all around the world for his powerful punching and gentlemanly ring demeanor.

Jesse Owens was the first black man to be universally regarded as the greatest athlete in the world among amateur, and particularly Olympic, sports. His six world records in four events (in two of which he broke both the metric and imperial distance marks) in 1935, coupled with his four Olympic gold medals on the track and in the long jump in Berlin, etched his name indelibly in the annals of modern Olympic history.

Later, in the '50s, we had Althea Gibson becoming the first black to win Wimbledon and then in the '60s Arthur Ashe taking the men's title, as well as a host of other major tennis tournaments, disproving the various theories about why blacks couldn't make it to the top in tennis. Ashe later would lead the American Davis Cup team as captain and manager, proving how well he was respected and accepted by the establishment of tennis.

In golf we have Calvin Peete playing amongst the best — and making big money, even if not winning quite as many tournaments as his people might wish. Golf is yet another sport previously thought to be beyond blacks' talent or capacity.

Swimming, however, remains the one sport in which we are yet to see a truly great black competitor, much less a champion of similar stature to those mentioned previously in other sports and games.

West Indian pace bowlers have altered the face of cricket with their pure speed and bouncers for more than a decade. Few whites (Dennis Lillee being one shining exception) have managed to pelt leather-covered balls at opposing batsmen as Wes Hall, Charlie Griffiths, Michael Holding, Malcolm Marshall, Joel Garner, Andy Roberts and so many other West Indian bowlers have done in recent years.

So too in soccer, where the name Pele is synonymous with excellence still unattainable by white players even today.

Could there be an anatomical or even anthropological reason for such talents and performances? And if so, why not swimming?

No one has yet provided a valid and universally accepted explanation. Since the Commonwealth Games last year I've been asked the question time and again, and maybe there is at least a partial answer or, better still, possible answers.

The first is racial as well as physiological. While all men are born equal, there are indeed differences between races and body types. Blacks, it seems, have generally tended to excel in sports and games requiring power of an explosive nature, as well as skill and dexterity, particularly of the limbs, which also require strength and agility as well as power. Blacks generally appear to have a higher muscle-to-body fat ratio than do Caucasians, according to some researchers. If so, that in itself provides one possible clue.

Muscle is heavier than water and so doesn't float easily; in fact it sinks. The more fat to muscle you have, the more likely you are to be able to swim fast or for a long time. With the power and strength in their muscles it is possible that black athletes find swimming more difficult, for the simple reason of muscle's inability to provide flotation or buoyancy.

The second reason is sociological. It is really only in the USA, and only relatively recently, that blacks have had access to swimming pools of the size needed for training for a sport which requires an early commitment. Thus the majority of those with precocious sporting talent would have sought other, more accessible areas of competition. Carl Lewis, for instance, would have had to have been in the pool since childhood, and might have found it much easier to get on the running tracks some 15 or more years ago than to a pool.

So maybe we'll see black swimmers emerging from the United States in another five or ten years. But I doubt it, because the fame and money available in other sports, including amateur ones like running, are now greater and more easily accessible than in swimming for American blacks.

As for the Africans and West Indians, they still do not have the facilities, nor indeed the incentive, to become competitive swimmers.

So it could be quite some time before we see a Viv Richards of the swimming pool. But when it happens, watch out, because with their powerful physique and determination, once one or two blacks actually make the breakthrough — and perhaps big money — then the color of the tide of winning swimmers might well change.

One should remember the great Duke Kahanomoku, the brown-skinned swimmer from Hawaii, who was among the best at any level in the pool or in the surf back in the first decade or two of this century. He certainly proved that opportunity and incentive is the only bar to swimming greatness, for men of any race or color.

It seems, therefore, that even that theory about muscle differences should be treated with caution, because one day there will certainly be superfish challenging the whites, just as they have done in every other sport and game. And that will be the end of yet another myth.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY CAPELLE

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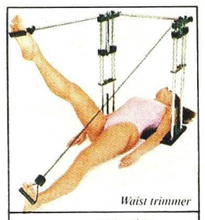
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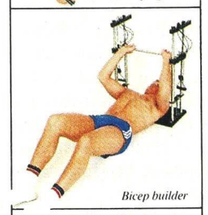
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SHOWBIZ

Bob Hoskins makes it big in London's seamy underworld, and Streep and Nicholson give each other Heartburn.

BOB HOSKINS SUPERSTAR: The man who made TV's *Pennies From Heaven* so memorable that he scored a role as a racketeer in **Francis Ford Coppola**'s *Cotton Club* now looks set to become the unlikeliest screen heart-throb since **Dudley Moore**. In *Mona Lisa*, **Bob Hoskins** plays George, an ex-con who falls in love with the prostitute he chauffeurs round expensive London hotels, with such apparent sincerity and genuine pathos that his performance has already won him best actor at the Cannes Film Festival. The prostitute Simone, "a tall, thin, black tart" (as George describes her) with an unmistakable Liverpudlian accent, is played by **Cathy Tyson**, definitely a talent to watch, while the villainy is provided by a totally repulsive **Michael Caine** as Mortwell, an evil racketeer. With *Mona Lisa*, director **Neil Jordan**, whose previous outings have been *Angel* (the best film so far about the present Irish troubles), and the bizarre *Company Of Wolves*, emerges as a force to be reckoned with internationally, but it's Bob Hoskins who steals top honors.

A tall, thin, black tart: Cathy Tyson, a new star in Neil Jordan's Mona Lisa.

•

ONE FOR JAZZ LOVERS: All those who feel that modern jazz in the '80s has become a bit like feeding the chooks can sit back and enjoy *The Best Of Blue Note Vol 2* ("Finest In Jazz Since 1939"), a double album which contains many classics of the '40s and '50s, and nothing later than **Herbie Hancock**'s world-wide hit *Watermelon Man* (1962). Among the more mouthwatering items are **Thelonius Monk**'s *'Round Midnight* and **Cannonball Adderley**'s *Something Else* (1958) (with a line-up which included the legendary **Miles Davis**), but there are any number of jazz greats represented, including **Bud Powell, Sonny Rollins** and a whole host of others. And for the more rock-inclined who didn't get a **Springsteen** album in their Christmas stocking, watch out for *Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band Live 1975-1985*, a five LP set with around 40 songs recorded in concert during his US tours and spanning his entire recording career.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that **Phil Collins** will make his film debut opposite **Michael Caine** in yet another movie about Britain's Great Train Robbery. . . **Madonna** and **Sean Penn** are teaming up again for another film, a remake of an Israeli movie, *Dead End Street*, about a documentary film-maker who falls in love with a hooker. . . **Robert Palmer** will sing the title song and make a cameo appearance in the **Whoopi Goldberg** film, *Burglar*. . . The **Chuck Berry** rockumentary directed by **Taylor Hackford** will rejoice in the name *Hail! Hail! Rock And Roll* — of course!. . . **Michelle Phillips** would like her daughter **Chynna** to play her in the movie version of her book about **The Mamas And The Papas**, *California Dreamin'*. She'd also like **Brian Wilson**'s daughter **Carney** to play **Mama Cass**.

•

NEWSBREAKS: Paul McCartney is releasing a **Buddy Holly** video, a combination of an old BBC program about the singer and 25 minutes of Holly songs, to commemorate the singer's 50th birthday later this year. . . Motown's veteran songwriter **Lamont Dozier** collaborated with **Simply Red**'s **Mick Hucknall** on two songs for Red's second album. It was Dozier's first collaboration since the famous Motown team of **Holland-Dozier-Holland** broke up in 1972. . . Sons of several well-known stars have auditioned for roles in the **New Monkees**, including **Michael Nesmith**'s son **Jason, Donovan**'s son **Donovan, Frankie Avalon**'s son **Frank** and **Bobby Darin**'s son **Dodd**. . . **Gillian Armstrong**'s first film since MGM's *Mrs Soffel*, which starred **Diane Keaton** and **Mel Gibson**, will be *High Tide* ("about love lost and found in a remote Australian coastal town") with husband and wife team **Judy Davis** and **Colin Friels**. . .

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Always Funny and painful by turns, director Henry Jaglom and his wife play out the story of their divorce. ¥¥¥

Aliens In which Ripley returns to *that* planet to finish what she started in *Alien*. Two hours of terror! ¥¥¥¥

Back To School Belly laughs with Rodney Dangerfield as self-made millionaire who becomes a mature student. ¥¥

Blue City Banal pseudo-thriller with the two greatest bores in yuppiedom, Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy. ¥

Evening Dress Big butch Gerard Depardieu takes odd couple house-breaking, then falls for male half. ¥¥

Legal Eagles Robert Redford jousts with Debra Winger *and* Daryl Hannah. Lucky guy! Pure entertainment. ¥¥¥

Psycho III Maybe if you didn't see Hitchcock's masterpiece this might pass muster. ¥¥

Running Scared Cops Billy Crystal and Gregory Hines chase a drug runner round Chicago — or it is vice versa? ¥¥¥

Ruthless People Kidnapping filthy rich Bette Midler is the silliest thing anyone could do! ¥¥¥¥

The Fringe Dwellers An authentic Australian masterpiece from Bruce *(Breaker Morant)* Beresford. ¥¥¥¥

Three Men And A Cradle French movie so funny they're remaking it for the US market. ¥¥¥

Saving Grace Do Italian popes really speak in broken English? Heartwarming to the point of nausea. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Streep and Nicholson in Heartburn: the look in the eyes tells it all.

AFTER WATERGATE: Blowing the whistle on Richard Nixon after Watergate made **Carl Bernstein** an instant celebrity, but evidently that celebrity didn't do much for his marital relations, according to his wife, fellow-journalist **Nora Ephron**. Her best-selling novel *Heartburn*, a lightly fictionalised account of their marriage which seems designed to blow the whistle on Bernstein himself, has now been brought to the screen by **Mike** *(The Graduate)* **Nichols** with **Meryl Streep** and **Jack Nicholson** as the ill-starred couple. Nichols has previously directed the pair in some of their best work — Streep in *Silkwood* and Nicholson in *Carnal Knowledge* and *The Fortune* — and they do him proud in *Heartburn*.

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This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

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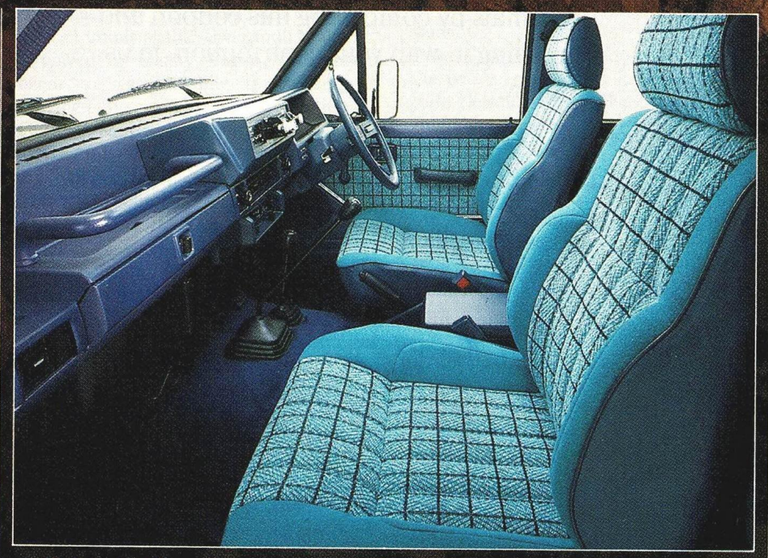

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AA44

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN BROWN

A candid conversation with the G'day Minister about the selling of Australia, living it up overseas, and those piddling little koalas.

If there's any such thing as a good job in federal politics, Minister for Sport, Recreation and Tourism may well be the best. The Minister for Koalas, Minister for Good Times, the G'day Minister, Minister for Booms — whatever the latest nickname, future governments may be bestowing the title as a top prize rather than as merely a newfangled invention. If so, the second and current title-holder, John Brown, deserves some of the credit — as he would no doubt tell you himself.

A total budget of approximately $105 million makes his portfolio the smallest by about two-thirds for any minister, yet Brown says tourism is both the largest and fastest growing industry in Australia. You could cop a lot of flak in a job so near and dear to the hearts and wallets of every patriot. Brownie has caught his share.

What's surprising is the deftness with which he has handled the objections. He has a way of defusing criticism from the press that is the sign of a political survivor. Even more important is his skill in communication, his clear, quick speech, the direct gaze and lack of nervousness. These qualities mark him not only as a politician for today, the age of images, but also as a rare one who exudes that pheromone of politics, charisma.

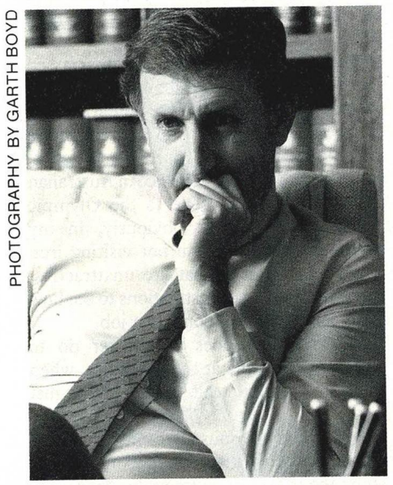
Until recently a very active sportsman, the 55-year-old Brown is well-suited to the task of promoting fun and games. He's quick-witted and down-to-earth in the Hawke mould, but when a businesslike approach is necessary — say, in the case of tourism — he relies on 25 years of experience in running his own large wholesale meat operation to take decisions. A long-time union member and a former chairman of a NSW employers' group, Brown has played on both sides of the work force, which makes him an anomaly as a parliamentarian.

He didn't enter politics until 1977, becoming an alderman in September and a member of Parliament in December. Already a well-to-do father of five, Brown says he joined the fray because government is the biggest business going, and it needs more businessmen.

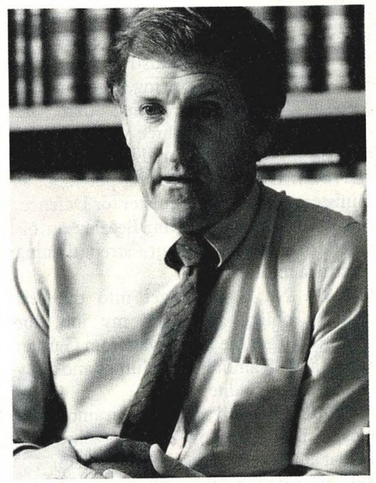
His efforts have won him kudos from advertising and sporting bodies here and in America, but he has also roused the ire of some segments of the media. Brown seems to absorb the good and the bad, somehow fashioning it all into a public persona which will advance his aims. The furore early in his term over his slurs against the habits of koalas has subsided into the benign Koala One call-sign for his ministerial car. When he spent big on overseas trips, including $62,000 for 29 days in Europe and America during Wimbledon and the LA Olympics, he became the Minister for Good Times — and welcomed the moniker as a healthy description of his sworn duties. Perhaps it's no coincidence that those duties also include responsibility for the Australian Information Service, now called Promotion Australia. When it comes to handling the press, Brown is perhaps as adept as they come — not surprising, wife Jan Murray runs a PR agency for which two of their sons now work.

His enthusiasm for all things pertaining to his portfolio is well-known. He has the optimism of a successful businessman or sportsman, and in fact was no slouch as the latter, playing Shield cricket, rugby league (with a five-times broken nose to prove it), and golf with a handicap that has only recently declined from eight to 12 due to neglect. A Sydney product, Brown did three years of agriculture at Sydney Uni, has owned the odd racehorse in his day and still loves the track, and as if only to demonstrate his versatility, is also an opera buff and four-time winner of a Sydney gardening competition. He and Jan sent their kids to an orphanage

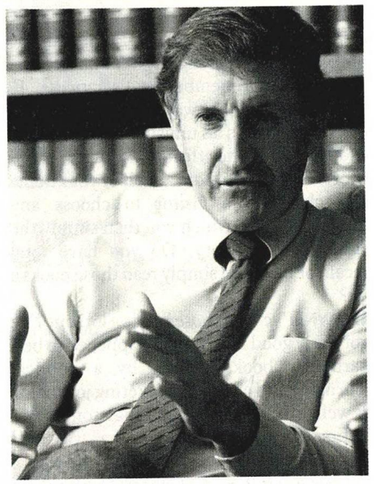
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARTH BOYD



"I doubt any government would have the gall or the courage to take these two very vital and interesting areas [sport and tourism] off the political agenda again."



"I'm still being presented with koalas with nappies on, so people have remembered it, but as long as they spell your name correctly, I don't suppose it matters much."



"I happen to be very financially secure, probably more so than most parliamentarians. If I want an overseas trip, I can take one at my own expense."

school, and Brown belongs to lots of charities.

When ex-staffer ***Steve Bunk*** *visited the minister at his Sydney offices, a large color photo of Paul Hogan between Hawke and Brown dominated one corner of the desk top. The Hogan ads cost more than $11 million over two years, netted about a million phone calls and resulted in an upswing over a three-year period from 100,000 to 250,000 visitors here annually. It's perhaps the biggest success of Brown's tenure thus far.*

Says Bunk, "Brown wants to double the total number of visitors to Australia from 1983 to 1988. Not everyone likes that plan, but Brown isn't afraid to blow his own horn about it. Is it a good plan? Who knows? The tune often is listenable, and in a politician, that makes all the difference."

PLAYBOY: Your father was a Sydney bus driver and president of the Bus Employees' Union. Did he have ambitions for you?

BROWN: No. In the working class of the western suburbs at that time, I think their only ambition was to get a job. Unfortunately, my parents didn't live long enough to see me in Parliament. They were both very keen Labor supporters. My mother died just after I was married, but my father lived until '72. He died shortly before the Whitlam government, and I'm sure he would have found great relish in my becoming a member of Parliament, particularly because I was born on the 19th of December, 1931, which happened to be the day that the Scullin government fell. And it was the day that the Labor party lost the seat of Parramatta to my father's employer, Sir Frederick Stuart, who had sacked my father and all these other workers some months beforehand in the Depression of that time. My father held a very healthy disregard for Sir Frederick Stuart and he didn't live long enough to see me become the next Labor member for Parramatta, 46 years from the day I was born.

PLAYBOY: That's an unusual story. There's another one to the effect that you can pull a sports book down from a shelf in your home and challenge a visitor to choose any photograph, for which you then supply the caption by memory. Do you have total recall, or have you simply read those books a lot?

BROWN: I've read those books a lot, but I've got fairly good recall. That happened to be a particular book, written by a political journalist and a former cricketing journalist as well, a bloke called Jack Fingleton. When I first went to Canberra, he was still working in the press gallery. He was a famous Australian cricketer and a very good writer and I took a couple of books down to get him to autograph them. He said, "This is a very well-thumbed copy," and I said, "I've read it a lot of times, Jack." It was then I said, "Come on, open it up and show me a photograph." It was Douglas Jardine. I said, "Douglas Jardine as he strode to the wicket, a tall, austere, assiduous Englishman. With harlequin cap and kerchief knotted rampant, he strode into the vision of many as the very personification of the old school tie." And he was that flattered, old Jack, that we became very firm friends. He couldn't believe a Labor man was a cricket fan.

PLAYBOY: Sport is almost a religion in Australia, but with Bob Hawke telling the nation in his address last June that hard work and belt-tightening are the order of the day, isn't having a good time, *vis-a-vis* your portfolio, politically out of fashion?

BROWN: No, I would have thought that the area I'm pursuing is in fact one of Australia's ways out of a balance of payments problem. I can't see that people should be critical of others for having a good time, if having a good time promotes employment. The pursuit of the good life, of good times, is in fact a positive force.

PLAYBOY: Are sport, recreation and tourism likely to remain together under future government portfolios?

BROWN: I think if I've had one achievement at all in government, it's in putting sport and tourism firmly on the political agenda. There was a Department of Sport and Tourism in the Whitlam government, the first time it had ever appeared, and the Fraser government demolished it. I doubt any government would have the gall or the courage to take these two very vital and very interesting areas off the political agenda again.

PLAYBOY: Is there any other portfolio you'd like to have?

BROWN: I think the only other portfolio where I'd have an interest would be in trade, but I'm not aiming at it. In fact, I'm very happy where I am. People tend to downgrade this portfolio and think of it just as a fun thing. They fail to realise that tourism's the biggest industry in Australia by far, the quickest growing, an enormous earner of overseas revenue that was delinquent or derelict three years ago and now isn't. I claim some credit for that.

PLAYBOY: Under your fourth portfolio, as minister assisting the Minister for Defence, did you consult with Kim Beazley on his recent statements about strengthening Australia militarily?

BROWN: No, I don't get into the real military policy area. It's my job, for instance, to get the navy away from Garden Island and off ammunition dumps and away from bases in Sydney.

PLAYBOY: Certainly, you've been among the most visible of the government's ministers. Is that a function of the job or the man?

BROWN: Hard to define but as the portfolio didn't exist before, you can hardly say it was a function of the job. I suppose in some ways I'm maybe a bit more flamboyant than the average minister and maybe that's one of the reasons I've been so visible.

PLAYBOY: The first time you got big press was the infamous "piddling koala" incident, in which you decried the dirty habits of the animal. Wasn't your real message overlooked in the hoop-la?

BROWN: I do all these things off the cuff, I don't use written speeches or notes, and it was about a half-minute component of a 45-minute speech. This was April 1983. I'd just become the minister, and it was a speech to a big gathering of tourism people in Brisbane in which I traced what I believed were the weaknesses in Australia's tourism promotion and how I intended to promote it. One of the things I said was that I didn't believe Americans came all the way to Australia just to see a koala. If they did, and they got here and nursed one, they'd be terribly surprised that they do piddle on you and they stink and they scratch and they're not the cuddly little beast that people may think they are.

I was surprised that the press reacted to that the way they did, but I suppose it's a measure of the trivialising way that the media at that stage treated tourism. All they found of importance in that speech was that it was an attack on this holy idol of Australia, the koala. Having done that, I guess for the first day or two I was embarrassed that that was all they had picked up and I thought, well, here's an opportunity to alter Australia's image. We had hidden behind the koala/kangaroo duumvirate too long, it was time we got out and painted Australia in a different light. Mind you, I'm still being presented with koalas with nappies on and all that sort of thing, so people have remembered it, but as long as they spell your name correctly, I don't suppose it matters much.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps more serious is the later description of you as the Minister for a Good Time. True, it suits your portfolios but isn't that tag nonetheless a potential political liability?

BROWN: It could be if I was embarrassed about it but all that fuss about my two trips overseas I've never found embarrassing. It's just that journalists weren't ready for a minister going abroad and, for instance, going to the Olympic Games. An Australian minister had never gone to the Olympic Games before. Quite obviously, in my portfolio of tourism I'm not visiting iron foundries or things that are unattractive, I'm visiting holiday destinations to see how other countries have done their job.

PLAYBOY: What does a minister do to represent Australia at the Olympics, when an entire Olympic team is there doing just that?

BROWN: The previous Olympic team went away to Moscow with a budget of $300,000 under the Fraser government, under a great cloud. This government was seen as being highly supportive of them. They asked for $1.4 million, they got $1.4 million. I think

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they were very pleased to see me there, as a symbol of the Australian public at last getting behind their Olympic team instead of just cheering for them when they won medals.

PLAYBOY: At that time, the press reported you had taken the train and the bus to Wimbledon prior to the Olympics in LA. Yet your total limousine bill for those 29 days in Europe and America was about $15,000.

BROWN: That's very easily explained. The Americans were very conscious of the security of international visitors, they were terrified of an incident. I was compelled by the United States government to stay at the Biltmore Hotel, where every other Olympic official stayed. I was requested to use a limousine driven by a security-cleared driver at all times. They weren't prepared to guarantee my security unless I did that, so it really wasn't my choice. I did take the train and the bus to Wimbledon and I can remember standing in the rain without an umbrella, waiting for the bus, when the Australian High Commissioner went by in his Rolls-Royce.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any discussion with Bob Hawke concerning figures for the last three months of 1985, which show that your car expenses were about $23,000, slightly higher than the Prime Minister's?

BROWN: Not at all. Bob Hawke knows that I'm good for government, that I make more public appearances than any other minister. In fact, I drive my own car to Canberra, I've driven my own car in here today. I rather enjoy driving my own car.

PLAYBOY: What kind of car do you have?

BROWN: I've got an imported Jaguar. Not Australian-made, but Australian-serviced. I happen to be very financially secure, probably more so than most parliamentarians. If I want an overseas trip, I can take one at my own expense.

PLAYBOY: Publicity is vital to any politician, particularly when they're promoting things like tourism and sport, but some would say your quasi-telephone link with Paul Hogan when he was in hospital — which was televised — was going over the top. What's your reaction to that?

BROWN: There's an enormous amount of affection for Paul Hogan in Australia. The last poll that was taken about the most popular Australian found Hogan a clear winner. I thought long about that thing before I did it, and I've not spoken to Paul about it yet, but I don't think it was over the top. . . He's certainly been a very generous contributor to Australia's tourism industry, to our identity abroad, and I considered that quasi-telephone call to Paul was recognition of the fact that he was sick and that we were concerned about him.

PLAYBOY: What's the farthest you've ever gone to get coverage of something important to you?

BROWN: I don't think I've ever gone out to get publicity about anything. I've never staged a stunt. I suppose that call might have been, but every TV station came to me and asked, would I make a telephone call to Paul that they could televise? I think every station ran it. It wasn't my idea.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about those famous Hogan ads. Do you think they presented a fair and true image of Australia to Americans?

BROWN: I think so. They're all about this being a happy, relaxed country. I think it is. I think apart from the United States, which is about the only other example, we've got the most relaxed social structure in the world. Jack's as good as his master here, there's very little bowing and scraping to bosses or to people in authority. It's nice when the Prime Minister goes out to hear people say, "G'day, Hawkie," or to me, "G'day, Brownie." I find it rather endearing that Australia is a very laid-back operation, almost iconoclastic in some ways, and I'd like to think that the Paul Hogan ads displayed that.

PLAYBOY: You had trouble getting the idea for the Hogan commercials past Cabinet. Why was that?

BROWN: The Tourism Commission, when I started, had a budget of $10 million. If every program were expanded by 10 percent, you can imagine what the government outlays would be. They offered me $11 million. I thought that was absolutely inadequate. I rang Paul Hogan up in England, because I had been plotting with him about what we'd be able to do if we could get the money, and he made a very funny 20-minute clip for me. Next time I went back to the expenditure review committee, I showed this little television clip. It was couched in very funny terms, Hogan-style, about how he thought he could sell Australia given the opportunity. It said things like, "You can't hang around the wool sheds waiting for cardigans to come back into fashion." After the clip and about an hour's persuasive argument, I walked out with $19.5 million. Since then, I've got it up to $30 million, so it's trebled in three years.

PLAYBOY: Penalty rates for hotel workers are often viewed as a drawback to good Australian service.

BROWN: Penalty rates are a problem in some areas; they're certainly a problem in restaurants. I'm disappointed that not enough restaurants in Sydney stay open on weekends and penalty rates obviously have an effect there. But in the bigger hotels, penalty rates aren't really a problem.

They are a problem on off-shore islands, where you've got people working 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and people expecting service. But if you look at the extraordinary development in the Whitsunday Passage, Hamilton Island, Hayman Island, Lindeman, Brampton and all the others where multiple hundreds of millions are being spent, the entrepreneurs don't seem to be too worried about penalty rates. I'm trying to get some of the unions to come to a realisation that there needs to be a look at penalty rates in terms of the peculiar nature of this industry, and I think we're coming to that.

PLAYBOY: Japan is another big foreign tourist market. How have you fared there so far?

BROWN: We've been highly successful in Japan. Mind you, we started at a very small level. We went from 84,000 to 126,000 visitors from Japan in 1985. We expect to go much higher this year. In the space of 12 months, by means of negotiation, we've increased the number of plane seats between Australia and Japan by almost 100 percent. The big difficulty is to get people seats on aeroplanes. We have a very big advertising campaign going on in Japan at the minute, and in Singapore and Hong Kong and in Malaysia, and that is an area that I think has enormous potential for us.

PLAYBOY: How about domestic tourism? Is it escalating as quickly as the overseas component?

BROWN: Yes, it is. Of course, everybody's fascinated with international tourism, forgetting that 85 percent of our market is here at home. But Australians have not been adventurous in terms of holidays, except in running off overseas every year — 10 percent of them have done that. Surveys indicate, however, that about 40 percent of Australians don't take a holiday. In the past 12 months, there have been 2.5 million more trips taken by Australians than in the previous year, for a variety of reasons. Firstly, of that 85 percent of the market, 80 percent is generated by the motor car, and Australian roads have been terrible. The Bicentennial road program has been an enormous additive to the tourism effort. We'll have a freeway to Melbourne by the end of next year. The road from Brisbane to Cairns is being improved daily. By the end of 1987, we'll have a sealed highway all around Australia.

PLAYBOY: You've said the two-airline policy is stupid. Do you favor deregulation of the airlines, as in the United States?

BROWN: I don't think the US has done much for the airlines, most of which went broke. Our two domestic airlines and Qantas are listed in the top 10 airlines in the world. None of them get government assistance, all of them make a profit, all of them pay some tax. But having said that, we certainly need a great deal more innovation in the way that they run things.

The advent of East-West has done something to promote some innovation. By and large, Australian airfares aren't as high as people imagine. They average about 18 cents Australian per kilometre in economy. That must be compared with the American equivalent of 17 cents American per kilometre. We don't have the range of innovative fares that they have in the US, but we have induced the two domestic airlines to have a tourism airfare in Australia that they've kept largely a secret. Not just

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for international visitors but for Australians as well. For $500 you can get 6000 kilometres of travel, or for $800, 10,000 kilometres of travel, provided you're going for 10 days and four of those are spent outside a capital city. For instance, you could go Sydney, Brisbane, Cairns, Alice Springs, Sydney for $500. That's eight cents a kilometre, by far the cheapest airfare in the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Australians by nature shy away from the optimistic and enthusiastic approach you obviously take toward promoting tourism?

BROWN: I think they *did*. I think there's been a radical shift in Australians' views of themselves over the past few years. A few things have happened that have made them more aware of their own achievements. The America's Cup was one. They suddenly became conscious of the fact that we could take on the world and beat them, and I suppose it was more than a yacht race.

PLAYBOY: The West Australian Tourism Commission says $2.5 billion of capital investment is going into the State in preparation for the America's Cup challenge. There must be an element of hysteria rather than all good planning in putting that much money into one place.

BROWN: I don't think so. If you go to Perth and have a look, you'll find the new hotels are all done very sensitively. They're not ugly concrete masses at all. Fremantle, for instance, where a lot of this money is being spent, is being preserved beautifully as an historic port-scape.

PLAYBOY: What happens to Perth and all that development if Australia loses the Cup?

BROWN: There'll be a few developers with grey hairs, I think. Hopefully, we won't lose it, but I think the potential in Western Australia is unlimited. They're now getting direct flights from Tokyo into Perth. Although a lot of this development is predicated on retaining the America's Cup, it's not necessarily singly directed toward that issue.

PLAYBOY: Overdevelopment is the sort of trap fallen into by cities that house world fairs or expositions.

BROWN: Yeah, but most of the fair things have been temporary structures. This is necessary development. Western Australia has become the State of Excitement in the past few years. It's big, it's bold, it's brash, and bawdy in some ways. The *nouveaux riches* in Australia, whether you're talking about Alan Bond or anyone else, have been very aggressive. They all seem to have come from nothing and have made enormous fortunes by virtue of their entrepreneurial skills. They're now taking a punt on selling Western Australia to the world. I think it's predicated on pretty sound business principles.

PLAYBOY: The Americans, who represent a big slice of Australia's foreign tourists, are a fickle people. Won't Australia suffer after the Cup from no longer being flavor of the year?

BROWN: If Australia were a little country, like Switzerland for instance, the flavor of the year perhaps could be a reasonable worry to us. But we're not tagged to one particular experience, like for instance going to Switzerland to ski or to look at the beauties of the mountains and the snow. We've got all of that, plus a mile of others. If one thing happens to die in Australia as the flavor of the month, there's a whole lot of other things that are just developing as tourist attractions. We've been extraordinarily delinquent in the past in terms of promotion.

PLAYBOY: Have you found your business background to be useful in that regard?

BROWN: Particularly in the areas where I've been. I've been able to apply basic business principles that I've developed over 30 years to the development of tourism. Whether you're selling the thousand-odd pigs a week that my business sells or Australia as an entity, there's not much difference in the principles of marketing.

PLAYBOY: Some Australians are afraid that their country will turn into a giant tourist trap, with all the tackiness that implies.

BROWN: Because we're latecomers to this, I hope that won't be the case. We're much more conscious of our environment than we would have been 20 years ago. I hope we don't build too many more Surfers Paradises. I don't say that too deprecatingly, because it's been a great success, but I think tourism development can be done much more sensitively than that.

PLAYBOY: While the Whitsundays grew, Brisbane pursued the 1992 Olympics. The Queensland government was not happy with the help it got from the Commonwealth in Brisbane's bid to host the games. What did you do in that regard?

BROWN: We were asked to put in $600,000, which we did. That's three governments, Brisbane City Council, Queensland and Australia, put in $600,000 each. A businessmen's group, of which I was a part, raised another $2.5 million. They then asked us for another half-million dollars each. I was reluctant to do that. Implicit in our support for the bid was a guarantee of $65 million worth of logistic help if the bid was successful: security, communications, etc.

My argument is that the Queensland government dragged its tail desperately badly. The criticism comes from Joh, and the criticism should be put back on him, to tell the Queensland government to get its finger out of its coit and do something about supporting not just the Olympic Games bid but sport in Queensland generally. Really, it's the most delinquent of all the States.

PLAYBOY: Do you hold to the statement you once made that Australian sporting bans should be applied to certain South-East Asian and South American countries as well as South Africa?

BROWN: I think we've been fairly selective in our indignation but I suppose the specific difference there is that the South Africans have had the indecency to write all these things into legislation. It's there in the statutes that the blacks just don't have any freedom. There are other disadvantaged groups, in the USSR, in Indonesia, in Pakistan, for instance, where women have no right at all to play sport, and in some of the South American countries, of course. There are a lot of countries that we could take exception to.

PLAYBOY: Closer to home, an editorial the other day declared that it might be better for the Australian Institute of Sport to operate as a resource centre, where special athletes and coaches would come for short training sessions, rather than the institute trying to pick winners and nurture them as professional or amateur stars.

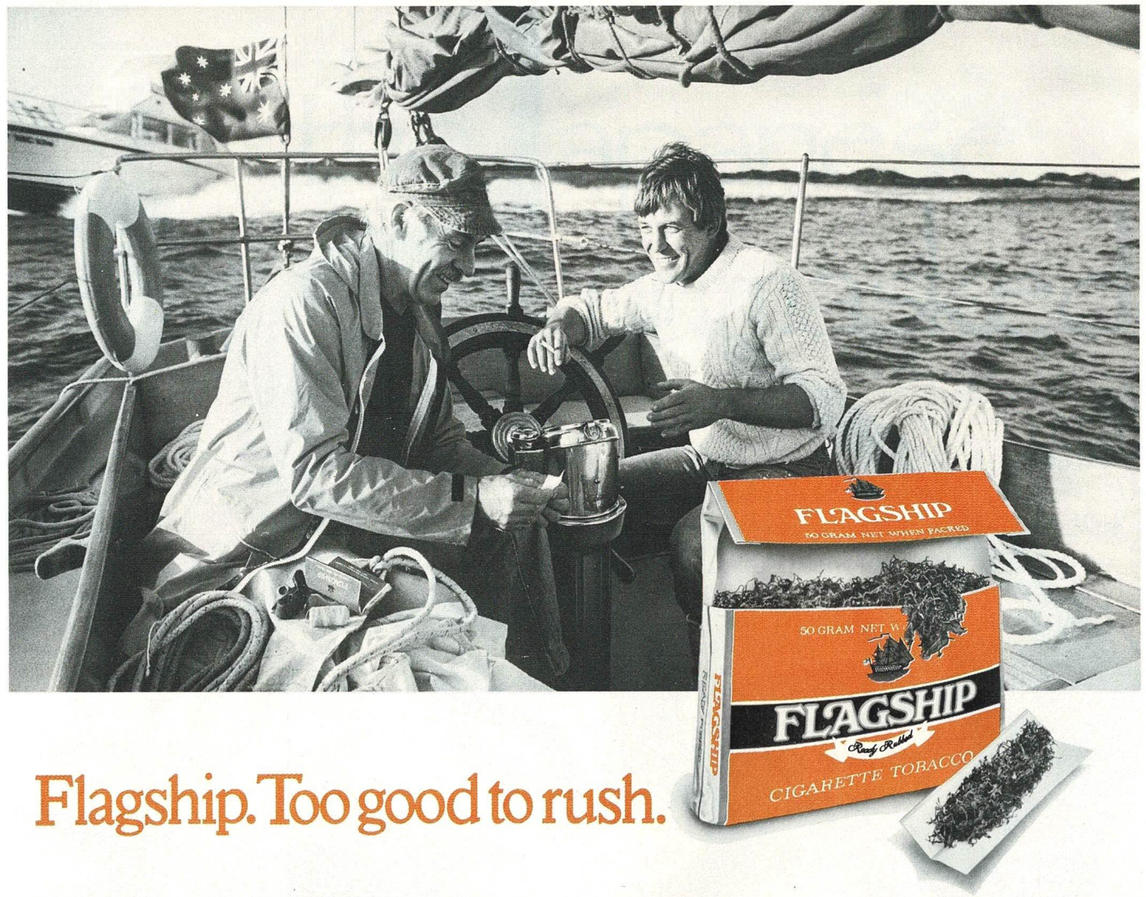
BROWN: I rang that leader writer at the time and asked him, had he been listening to my speeches? Because since I've been minister, I've been at pains to alter the tone of the place. I think it is wrong that it should be an enclave where 300 very privileged athletes have all those resources to themselves for 12 months. First of all, we're not getting the best athletes in some sports, because lots of them don't want to go to Canberra to live for 12 months. I'd move hockey to Perth, I'd move squash and diving to Brisbane. We'll have cycling and cricket somewhere this year, we're looking at a winter sport next year. I want that Australian Institute of Sport to be spread all around Australia.

PLAYBOY: You're also a big supporter of youth participation in sport. What's your reaction to the idea that there's too much emphasis already on sport in Australia, at the expense of arts, science and other pursuits?

BROWN: I hope we can promote an Australia where kids have access to all of these opportunities. But in sport — and I suppose this to some extent has happened in the arts — we've encouraged the pursuit of excellence at the cost of mass participation. Particularly in the '50s and '60s, though not so much in the past 20 years, we've churned out an extraordinary run of champions in a whole diversity of sports. In the '50s, the Davis Cup might be a good example. From '50 to '67 we won the Davis Cup 15 times and were runner-up to the Americans three times. In one of those years, we supplied the eight quarter-finalists at Wimbledon. But at that time, backyard tennis courts were disappearing and people were building swimming pools. We weren't encouraging mass participation but rather these superstars. Now, the rest of the world has overtaken us by promoting the junior schemes we didn't have. We're trying to redress the balance.

At the kids' level, these sports have all amended themselves and there's a greater emphasis on involvement of every kid in the

(continued on page 116)



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the Japanese unmasked

Ever wondered what really goes on behind the inscrutable faces of all those Japanese businessmen flocking to our shores? Danny Rose visited Tokyo to file this revealing report.

VISITORS CAN'T BELIEVE it. Did that hotel maid really leave a strawberry by my pillow? Did that lift operator actually bow? Are those cabbies honestly wearing white gloves, and do they *mean* it? And what in the world do you make of stewardesses serving Beef Wellington

from cows that have been hand-massaged for 12 hours a day and fed a strict beer diet?

It's the little touches that make Japan seem so sexy. But is the Japanese executive becoming emasculated in the process?

Truly it is a startling land. Fish seem to wash over it from the oceans on all sides: octopus, squid, translucent flat things peer red-eyed from wet stalls at the businessmen charging through the streets on their way to promoting the greatest, and most exclusionary, economic recovery the world has ever seen. With a population seven times that of Australia crammed on to four main islands less than half the size of New South Wales, everything gets done and nobody seems crowded because everything is so organised, so tidy at top speed, and so damned opulent that visitors the world over stand around with confused little smiles on their faces — confused because they can't escape the fact that in the four decades since World War II, the Japanese GNP has gone from the bottom to the top, that 40 years ago it was rubble and today their subways smell of Chanel.

"But hold on," says the world visitor, "all this graceful recovery stuff doesn't mean we have to be in *awe* of them, does it?"

A timely question. And one that's being asked more vigorously each day as the rest of the world enters a period of backlash against its business rivals in the Orient. How much longer, the rest of us are asking, must we hold them in such unnaturally high regard? Should we continue putting on the international best-seller list any book with "Japanese" in its title, keep spending millions dispatching execs to ruminate upon their management training techniques which, if truth be told, are beyond the realm of the quaint and into the deeply bizzare? When all is said and done, do we really want our company chairmen to emulate theirs in singing nursery rhymes in department stores at the tops of their lungs to prove undying servitude?

Certainly they *look* very together. Even in our disenchantment it's hard not to be dazzled by Tokyo, which resembles nothing so much as an oversexed adolescent's fantasy: neon nightclubs stacked up 12 storeys high, king prawns barbecued on sidewalks next to women in kimonos who study your palm by computer readout and, up above, the sky filled with those stewardesses as graceful as geisha and as lavish with warm *sake*. At business luncheons in out-of-town corporate retreats, fog clings to green hillocks like ancient lingerie, while in town, during the legendary traffic jams, street vendors hawk sex comic books to businessmen on their way to nightclubs where they fully expect to drop three grand on a typical evening's expense account.

It's true, prosperity has brought zip to Japan. The place is not only opulent but safely so. The subways, with their plum-

(continued on page 110)

NIPPON KNOW-HOW

Japan is riddled with rituals and to do business successfully in that mysterious land you need the skill of a samurai and the nimble thinking of a ninja. The winds of change may have blown with palpable vigor through post-war Japan, but their effect on social mores has been as fleeting as a fan's flutter. The basic cornerstones of Japanese life still have more to do with nurturing bonsai and preserving the art of the tea ceremony than they do with miniaturisation and microchips.

You will not get anywhere if you conduct your business meetings with boom and bluster. You must remember you are an oaf and an oddity, and your brief must be to look and listen, be passive, polite and excruciatingly patient. You may never outshine the Japanese at the ritual of business negotation, but you'll gain enormous face and respect if you play by the rules. Here's how:

BE PREPARED: Conducting business in Japan without your namecards printed in both English and Japanese is a bit like arriving at a meeting with a paper bag over your head. Passengers booked from Australia with Japan Air Lines can arrange bi-lingual cards with at least three weeks' notice. Check thoroughly whether or not you need to provide an interpreter for business discussions. And unless you're a professor of Japanese, don't attempt to step upon the linguistic minefield. It's a language full of honorific terms and nuances. One slip of the tongue and you could well turn the chairman of the board into a horse.

BE SHORT: If you're under 165cm you have a decided advantage. You won't intimidate your hosts and they'll feel comfortable in your presence. If you're not built to transistor proportions, make the most of your gaijin gaucherie by sitting whenever possible and always bending your knees in crowded elevators.

BE GENEROUS: The Japanese tradition of gift-giving is a time-honored carry-on that can't be escaped. Your ridiculously large feet and ginger hair will be promptly overlooked if you arrive armed with a veritable picnic of presents. Take advantage of the generous customs allowances into Japan and take three bottles of good scotch or brandy. A freezer pack of beef, lamb or seafood (available from the Australian Produce Store at Sydney's Mascot Airport) will be happily received by a company president whose wife would have to pay the equivalent of $100 to rustle up a roast. On my last business visit, I took a collection of Ken Done's T-shirts with the words DOWN UNDER printed upside down. One publishing magnate I encountered immediately put one on and then stood on his head so everyone could read it. His offsiders squawked and stomped and umpteen celebratory snaps were taken. I clinched the deal, by the way.

BE IMPORTANT: If the head of a department at, say, Sanyo, thinks he's dealing with the third-in-charge at Noddyland Novelties, he'll be so insulted at being confronted with someone of inferior status that negotiations are bound to break down. Make sure your business card fits the importance of the task. President, general manager (or both) are sure-fire bets.

BE PATIENT: Tokyo wasn't built in a day, you know. Japanese business talks can be as complex as a chess game and slower than snail pace. Make sure your interpreter clearly repeats all numbers, even writing them down if necessary. It's not unusual for a verbal misunderstanding to jackpot a $4000 deal to $40,000.

BE OLD: It can be hard to judge the age of Japanese. They tend to have smoother, wrinkle-free skin and go grey at a later age than Westerners. Seniority is revered in Japan; age is equated with wisdom, so add 10 years to yours if necessary. Squinting helps produce extra wrinkles, and picking up the bill at the end of an evening at a Ginza girlie bar can result in instant white hair.

BE GOOD-HUMORED: In their attempts to amuse, your hosts may merely confuse. They'll insist on leading you around Tokyo to a succession of gaudy nightclubs where resourceful young women will practise their English by twittering things like, "I love you, big boy, no shit." Your Japanese colleagues may be as drunk as warlords after three scotches and you'll do well not to mention later that they fell asleep on the train tracks or were last seen practising karate on small animals in the backblocks of Yokohama.

BE POLITE: And that includes being punctual at all times. While in the presence of your business opponents, never raise your voice, attempt to strangle your interpreter, thump the table, mention your last visit to Pearl Harbor or chew your Japanese phrasebook.

BE PERSISTENT: Follow up meetings with a telephone call if any matters require clarification. Many deals are clinched merely with a handshake and a bow rather than any formal documents. And remember that *hai, hai* (yes, yes) can just indicate an understanding of your request rather than an expression of consent. In fact, it's a good idea to remember never to take *yes* for an answer. You say, "You don't want to buy 5000 lambswool seat covers?" They reply, "Yes." They mean, "Yes, we don't want 5000 of your lambswool seat covers." Got it? Negative questions are *always* answered in the affirmative.

You wouldn't enter the family Toyota in a Grand Prix, would you? Okay, do not set foot in a Tokyo boardroom without following every one of these points. You will then, at least, be in pole position. —SUSAN KUROSAWA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Ah, Sisters!

Meet Elisabeth and Florence, Sydney's sizzling sisters.

That's Elisabeth with her hair loose. Her younger sister, Florence, has her hair up. These beautiful Sydney sisters are five years apart in age but they claim they are as close as twins. "We see each other at least a few times a week," says Florence. "We love to go shopping together," adds Elisabeth. "We sometimes buy identical clothes. We have the same tastes." But not in men, it seems. "I like a warm, giving man," says Florence. "Looks are not important but someone like Paul Newman would do!" Elisabeth claims it's old-fashioned men who turn her on. "Romantic types," she says. "Men who buy flowers and look after women. I love those debonair actors from old movies. David Niven, Cary Grant. . . sensitive, suave men." Elisabeth and Florence both work as photographic models and spend their leisure time participating in a wide range of sports.

ANATOMY OF A SEDUCTION

Sex by **SUSAN KUROSAWA**

Move over, Casanova, there's a new boy in town. And this suave master of seduction is you!

WHAT'S ALL THIS seduction stuff about anyway? Somewhere along the line, things have gone horribly wrong. Society has conditioned us to believe that it's men who are in charge of seductions. And that's a terrific shame because, let's face it, you're not much good at it.

Oh, sure, there have been exceptions. Swaggering, sex-crazed types like Don Juan have been known to charm the bloomers off every female in sight. But the average guy just doesn't know where to start. And that's not all your fault. Women are idealistic; our minds throb with the wildest expectations. We devour romance novels and daydream about dashing Regency bucks swooping us on to their snow-white steeds and spiriting us off to the happily-ever-after. How's a fella supposed to compete with such female fantasies?

You can start by coming to terms with the fact that women *want* to be seduced. Okay, there are homosexual women and women who'd rather eat chocolate than get laid, but those sorts of dames can get the heck out of this article right now. The average, heterosexual, full-blooded wench is dying to be romanced by a cruising Casanova (that's you). Here are some tips on how to do it. Boots, breeches and three-cornered hats optional.

We have here the blueprint for a lusty, languorous seduction. A scenario of romance, ravishing and red-hot desire (sex, to you). It's going to take time, money and a big blast of effort to get it right. But, as you will see, seductions don't just *happen*, you know. Pick-ups happen. Licking the neck of some total stranger in a crowded disco is a pick-up. Taking the time to get to know someone, planning your first intimate encounter, and actually getting her to raise her head from the Mills And Boon novels long enough to realise that *you're* the mysterious man whose kiss will change her life... now that's a seduction.

Before you invest any energy in The Seduction, make sure this woman is interested in you. I know that sounds pretty basic but really, guys, not every woman in the universe is going to be turned on by you. Take the time to tell if she is. The easiest way is to invite her to dinner at your place. It's the old spider-and-the-fly routine. Ensure she knows that you'll be alone together. If she agrees, you can rest assured she's not averse to the idea of being tangled

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

in your web. A little coyness on her part is okay, but if she refuses after your second or third invitation, give up. She's not ripe for romance, at least not with you.

Okay, she's said yes. She's going to turn up at your place on Saturday night at eight o'clock. *Hell*, now what? The flat you share with your mates is a festering rubbish dump. The closest you've ever been to cooking dinner is burning a frozen pizza. The sheets on your bed are crunchy and the plughole in the shower is encrusted with dead pubic hair. *Hell*, you wince, what about that used condom that's been bobbing about in the toilet bowl for the past six weeks? And that set of false teeth the blokes you share with have been using as an ashtray on the coffee table? Feel like calling it all off? You betcha!

Don't. You're going to need a full week to get things ready, your mates are going to make nasty allusions to your sanity, but while they're doing a predatory stalk of the disco floor next Saturday night, you're going to be making Don Juan look like a fumbling high-school klutz. Here's how:

THE CLEAN-UP

Whether you live in a shared flat, a bachelor pad or the top berth of a caravan, the venue for The Seduction has to be spanking clean. Tidy up absolutely everything, even if this means no more than shoving things under beds and into cupboards. Mop the kitchen floor, scrape the mould off the bathroom tiles, remove decomposed lettuce from the bowels of the fridge, wash those sheets (do *not* place them back on the bed until Saturday morning) and remove all foreign bodies and any other suspicious build-up from the toilet bowl.

Depending on the state of your finances, it may even be worth while to have a professional cleaner in for a day. If you have a really good relationship with your mum, you may even be able to persuade her to move in with the Handy Andy and a hard broom for a spot of spring-cleaning. Too *bad* if all this sounds banal and boring. Women are not, repeat not, turned on by dirt. Show me a woman who's going to let herself be seduced on stale sheets and I'll show you the sort of tart who's not worth the effort in the first place.

THE COOK-UP

The clean-up was easy. Now comes the dilemma of what to do about dinner. No woman is going to come across for a can of three-bean mix and a thigh of takeaway chook. Women are enchanted by the thought of men bustling about cooking for them. They are far more entranced by the effort you make than the end result. You do not have to produce cordon bleu fare. Aim for edible rather than exotic. The important factors are planning and presentation. You do not want to be tussling with saucepans in the kitchen while she's left alone to twiddle her tequila sunrise on the sofa. And the best quality food in the world does not sit well on paper plates. So here's what to do.

Plan the menu a few days in advance and then call her to check that she has no allergies or food hates. The Seduction is going to fall flat on its face if she comes out in spots after the entree. At the same time, explain to her that you're a novice cook and maybe even ask her for some suggestions. Do not, repeat not, swagger about and pretend that you whip up three-course meals every night of your life. Such confidence is a turn-off, buddy. She will find it cute that you've asked her advice on the menu, and you've covered yourself just in case the meal really is a culinary fiasco.

Our suggested menu for The Seduction Supper appears as a box within this article. You can, of course, modify or expand it as you see fit. But simply delicious and deliciously simple is where you're aiming.

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THE SEDUCTION SUPPER

The rules are simple. Everything is to be kept as unfussy as possible. We are not going to allow you to attempt terrine of wild boar, spatchcock stuffed with rare herbs, and tamarillo souffle. On the other hand, you are not permitted to open a can of soup, defrost a pizza and slap some ice cream into a bowl. Here's our happy medium:

ENTREE: A dozen oysters each. These little molluscs fairly quiver with suggestion. They are slippery and sexy, and contain large amounts of zinc (good for the libido). They are to be bought on the shell the morning of The Seduction. They are to be popped into the fridge with a loose brown-paper cover. If you wrap them in plastic clingwrap they will sweat and fester like a used jockstrap. Serve them on dinner-sized plates with a piece of freshly rinsed lettuce underneath the shells. Wedges (not slices) of lemon, buttered and decrusted triangles of brown bread, and a garnish of fresh parsley or coriander should be arranged on the side of the plate. Have a grinder newly filled with black pepper on the table; separate bowls of seafood cocktail sauce (available in bottles from supermarkets) are optional but never serve this sauce straight from the bottle. If you think you can get away with tomato sauce instead, then you don't deserve to get laid.

MAIN COURSE: Sliced fillet of beef. Yep, feed her meat, mate. Buy a whole piece of eye fillet (not slices) from the butcher (it'll cost you, but we're not into saving money here). You will need a heavy roasting pan (the sort Mum uses for baked dinners) to cook the meat. Preheat the oven to 220 degrees C at, say, 8pm or just after she arrives. You will need to start cooking as soon as possible after you've finished your entrees. Heat 2 tablespoons of good quality olive oil and 2 tablespoons of butter to sizzling point in the roasting pan on a hotplate (that means on *top* of the stove, not in the oven). Place the whole fillet into this oil mixture and brown very quickly on all sides. (Tip: Have the meat at room temperature before you start. Remove it from the fridge about an hour before cooking.)

Add salt, pepper and a pinch of thyme to the browned meat and then place in preheated oven on the top rack (still in the roasting pan) for around 20 minutes. Do not be tempted to cook it longer; this dish is designed to be served rare. Remove the fillet from the pan and wrap in alfoil. Then take a cup of red wine (cask red is fine) and add it to the buttery mixture in the bottom of the pan. Boil this up on the hotplate until the liquid is reduced by half. Then turn down the heat.

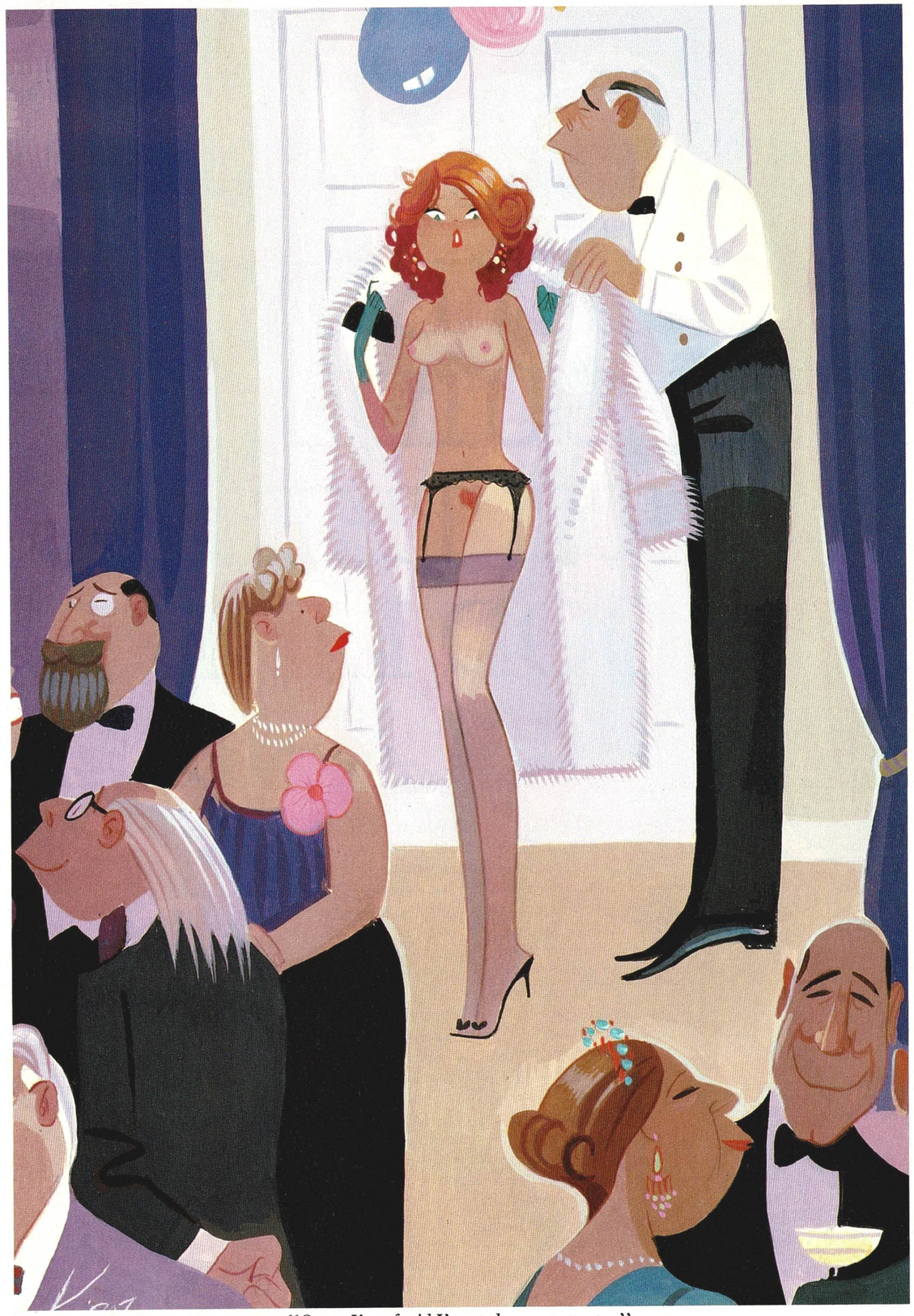
Thickly slice the fillet and arrange on pre-warmed plates (that is, two dinner plates which have been slightly heated in the oven). Add a good dab of butter to the mixture in the roasting pan and stir with fork until thick and glossy. Pour this gravy over the sliced beef and serve immediately at the table.

This beef is best partnered by a simple salad of mignonette lettuce (curly leaves; your greengrocer will know), whole cherry tomatoes (those little guys about the size of fat cherries), and perhaps some slices of ripe avocado (squeeze the *ends*, not the sides of avocado to determine if they're ready to eat). You can experiment as much as you like with the salad as long as you realise that onions, grated carrots and canned beetroot are absolutely banned. As a dressing, we suggest any commercial French-style salad oil. To perk it up, try adding a splash of basil pesto (available from delicatessens and pasta shops) to the oil (mix in a bowl or cup) before drizzling over the tossed salad.

DESSERT: Find the most exclusive cake or pastry shop in town and buy a fruit tart (French-style, with the fresh fruit fanned on top) which can be sliced at the table and served with whipped cream (offered separately in a bowl; do not over-whip or it'll turn to something resembling churned butter). Or, if you like, buy a tub of mascarpone cheese at a deli, whip it up with a good blast of Kahlua and serve a generous mound of the cheese on a dessert plate with sliced fresh figs (delicious at this time of the year).

Good quality wine is to be served with dinner; a cocktail beforehand, perhaps, or a mixed drink (check in advance what she prefers). Don't be too heavy with the drinks; you want her in bed, not under the table.

Nibbles? Yes, please. But only Japanese rice crackers or pitted olives. There's not a woman alive who's ever been seduced with Twisties and red cocktail onions on toothpicks.



"Oops, I'm afraid I'm at the wrong party."

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE GOOD LIFE

NOBODY LOOKED better in a top hat than Fred Astaire. Pop on a topper today, though, and people will assume that you sing telegrams for a living. That isn't civilised. A civilised man brandishes no such affectations; he simply exudes smartness and elegance. The style is effortless and unflinching, like Jeremy Irons starring with the Royal Shakespeare Company or in his new film, *The Mission*. A civilised man is not afraid of tuxedos. He understands that you must always wear your tuxedo; never let it wear you. Act loose. Be a man. The most elegant thing you can do in black tie is eat breakfast: take your date, postbinge, to a swanky old hotel dining room where business drudges can spy you over their eggs and wonder what they're doing wrong. Civilised men, of

Actor Jeremy Irons of Brideshead Revisited and The French Lieutenant's Woman fame simply oozes civilised British style.

PHOTO BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH

CAMERA PRESS/AUSTRAL

course, are better lovers. In conversation, unbridled eye contact succeeds over chatter. It is poor form to swagger and bluster. Dorothy Parker's idea of perfection: "His voice was intimate as the rustle of sheets and he kissed easily." These seem like good qualities to muster. Other *de rigueur* moves: take her arm when strolling; unfasten her pearls at night's end; dip her fingers in cognac and suck them dry — what the heck! But what about a role model? Without question, Cary Grant is the avatar of the entire dashing breed. He essays the bracing mix of easy charm and sly panache like no other ladies' man. His credo: "We should all just smell well and enjoy ourselves more." Accordingly, the civilised man uses deodorant and cologne sparingly. He does, however, shower with a vengeance. Or, to echo royal snob Cecil Beaton, "What is elegance? Soap and water!" Blow driers, by the way, are the bane of civilisation. Espresso is the height. Shoes should lace up, not slip on (slip-ons are for yuppies, thank you). Civilised men read novels and not just mysteries. They know it's never too late to take piano lessons. If not passionate, they are at least patient about opera. And, perhaps most significant, they fully appreciate the wonders of bubbly. We like that sparkling scene in *The Philadelphia Story* in which Jimmy Stewart informs Cary Grant, "Champagne is a great leveller... it makes you my equal."

WHAT THE GREAT CHEFS COOK UP AT HOME

Away from their restaurants, these great chefs have no reservations when entertaining their families and friends.

What do our leading chefs whip up at home after a hard day at the restaurant? Do they settle for cheese on toast or, *quelle horreur,* frozen TV dinners? We sent **Lyn Adams** to talk to five of Sydney's top chefs about their summer entertaining secrets, while in Melbourne, **Peter Olszewski** spoke to two of that city's leading culinary wizards.

JOSEPHINE PIGNOLET: We have a little flat with the use of a garden. It's a lovely, quiet hideaway in the middle of Woollahra. It's very light and airy and in summer we open the place right up and let the breezes through.

We entertain only occasionally, and then it's usually other cooks. We talk shop, but we talk about other things as well.

Eating with friends is always a sit-down affair. It's good to relax around a table with good friends, good food and good wine. We don't entertain in large numbers, never more than eight.

The food is usually very simple but full of flavor, like a grain-fed chicken roasted with garlic and thyme, a simple salad and some fresh, crusty bread. Or maybe some seafood: we especially like eating shellfish in summer and, of course, lots of lovely summer salads. Damien makes a really great Thai salad.

DAMIEN PIGNOLET: I guess you could say I like cooking Thai best; I love spicy food. I make a Thai salad that's great in summer. It's a very refreshing mix of cool, summer vegetables with a dressing that's chilli hot, sweet and yet tart. A really nice combination and utterly addictive... you can't stop eating it! I serve this salad with crispy fried noodles and Thai rice... great for supper on a warm summer's evening.

I like to serve Punt e Nes in summer. It's a bitter aperitif served on ice or with soda or mineral water — very cooling. Or my favorite, Belini, a combination of pureed fresh peaches and champagne. I always use a good champagne, a Taltarni brut or a Tyrrell's pinot noir methode champenoise.

STEPHANIE ALEXANDER: I don't get that many holiday breaks so when it comes to holiday cooking and entertaining at home I like to maximise the relaxation rather than the work. And because I want to be with my friends rather than being in the kitchen, I use things that require a minimum amount of preparation, like asparagus, fresh berries, peaches, potato salad, breads, cheese and that sort of thing. I go for things which are easy to prepare rather than very heavy cooking.

But sometimes we do have barbecues. One always has to remember of course that in Australia, even though barbecues are a great tradition, there are an awful lot of days when you're not permitted to use a barbecue. But when fire restrictions allow it we often eat late at night at our beach house and have something very simple from the barbecue. But once again, the accent is on simplicity: grilled fish or marinated and satay type things on skewers which can be prepared ahead and kept in readiness in the refrigerator.

I try to serve as many seafoods as possible in summer and we are lucky enough to have fresh fish caught nearby to where we holiday and so we eat it a lot. We occasionally eat crayfish, but more often it will just be fish which we like very much.

Overall, my philosophy during January is that I try to avoid anything that takes a long, long time — it just doesn't seem to me to be what it's all about when you're having a break. In fact my attitude all through the summer break is an extension of how I now plan Christmas meals. We have a family meal at Christmas like most people, but the meal usually turns out to be buffet-style and everybody contributes a little bit toward it. The food is almost always all cold so that it can just be set out on a plate and people can help themselves when and as often as they feel comfortable.

GREG DOYLE: Summer's great, espec-

(continued on page 60)

MENU

Josephine and Damien Pignolet, Claude's, 10 Oxford Street, Woollahra, NSW 2025. Tel: (02) 331 2325.

Stephanie Alexander, Stephanie's Restaurant, 405 Tooronga Road, Hawthorn East, Vic 3123. Tel: (03) 20 8944.

Greg Doyle, Puligny's, 240 Military Road, Neutral Bay, NSW 2089. Tel: (02) 908 2552.

Xavier Robinson, Clichy Cafe Lyonnais, 9 Peel Street, Collingwood, Vic 3066. Tel: (03) 417 6700.

Jean-Yves Meraud, Executive Chef, Sydney Hilton Hotel, Sydney, NSW 2000. Tel: (02) 266 0610.

Mark Armstrong, Pegrum's, cnr Gurner and Cambridge Streets, Paddington, NSW 2021. Tel: (02) 357 4776.

CONVIVIAL PURSUIT

The essential truth about champagne, the world's most elegant tipple.

NO OTHER drink has the charm and disarming generosity of champagne. It has quelled wars, fired hearts, given strength to the weak and brought giants to their knees. Napoleon's Josephine bathed in it and Beau Brummel had his boot polish made with it. Today, champagne is administered as therapeutic medicine in many of France's maternity hospitals.

But what is this wine we call champagne? It is a sparkling wine made by inducing a second fermentation in the bottle, from a blend of any ratio of just three grape varieties — pinot noir, pinot meunier, and chardonnay — from a delimited area within the province of Champagne, France. Sadly, champagne is not always clearly understood, either as being unique from other sparkling wines, or for its many different styles.

Statistics provided by the Champagne Information Centre in Sydney show that in Australia we consume some 2,000,000 bottles of imported champagne a year. We are the seventh largest market for French champagne in the world outside France and also the fastest growing.

Most champagne is *brut*, or dry, and non-vintage. Lesser dry styles —extra dry, *demi-sec* and *doux* — also have their place as accompaniments to various foods. Non-vintage is blended from different harvests that alone were not atypical but when blended with others produce a consistent champagne character. Vintage champagne is made in years when mother nature has harmonised the many viticultural factors required to produce the best from a single year. Cremant is a champagne made by inducing about two-thirds the amount of pressure in the bottle — making an effervescent, creamy wine which has less length on the palate. Blanc de Blancs is a wholly chardonnay wine. These champagnes range in style from those of great finesse to others of extreme power.

Many houses market "prestige *cuvee*", and herald it as the best of the line. Rarely do these justify the price asked, and often they are of inconsistent quality. Rose champagne can be fabulous, and often offers more variety of choice. It is made either totally or predominantly from black grapes, and may be vintage or non-vintage. Among champagnes it is an underestimated pleasure but one that seems to be enjoying renewed popularity now. Here, then, are some champagnes to set you apart from the crowd.

— GEORGE TRUBY AND PETER M.F. SICHEL

PHOTO BY DAVE JORDANO

BEST BUBBLES

Cremant de Mumm Cramant: A 100 percent chardonnay wine from a single *grand cru* vineyard, Cramant. It has an attractive green tinge and is an especially pleasing daytime aperitif.

Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs: From the oldest house in Champagne (founded in 1729) and named after the founder's uncle, a Benedictine monk and contemporary of Dom Perignon.

Laurent Perrier Ultra Brut: Laurent Perrier is the rising star of Champagne. The Ultra Brut is made without dosage — a dash of champagne and sugar added before the final corking. Excellent with oysters.

Charles Heidsieck: Once very prominent in American markets — *Champagne Charlie* was sung from the Copacabana to Palm Beach in the '20s — it remains a top quality wine.

Krug: In each outstanding vintage — not every one — Krug produces just over 1000 cases from a single 1½ hectare, 17th century vineyard, the Clos du Mesnil.

Deutz: Even without its label, designed by French artist Georges Mathieu, this champagne is magnificent. Deutz is one of the most underrated of the small producers.

Philipponnat Clos des Goisses: The epicure will appreciate this single-vineyard champagne from one of the few remaining family-owned houses. It's as subtle and complex as champagne is capable of becoming.

Jacquart: Few houses do extra-dry champagne well. Jacquart does it superbly. It goes particularly well with pastries.

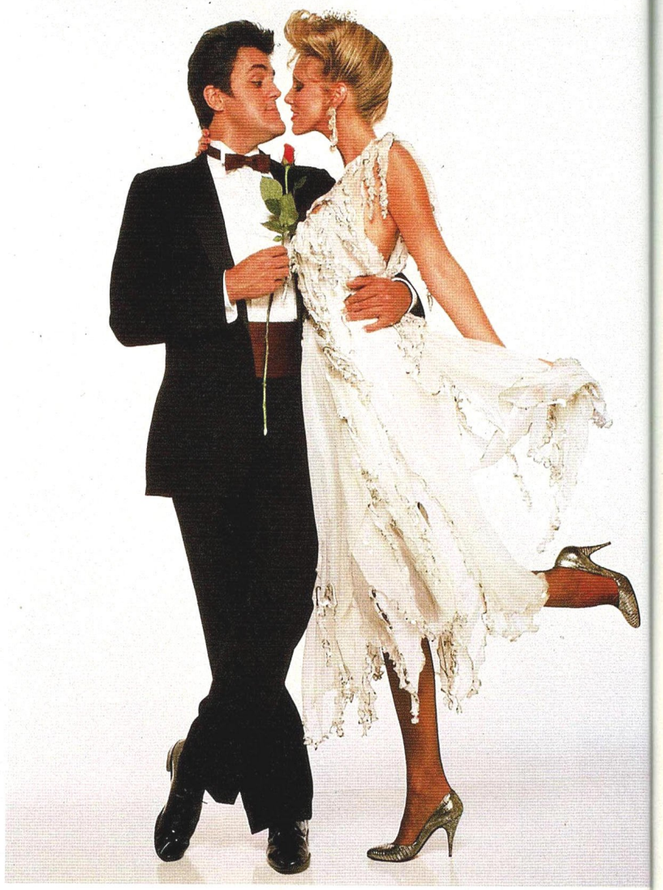
TWO TO TANGO

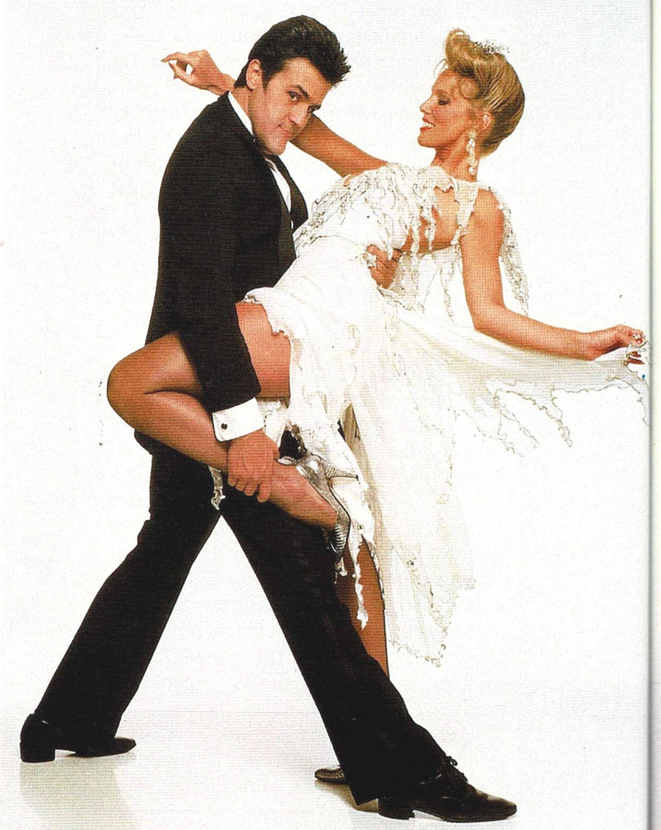
US Playmate Of The Year Kathy Shower and TV comic Jay Leno practise the Latin rhythm method.

DANCING, we have reason to believe, is the most civilised form of social intercourse; and the most scandalous of all dances is, unquestionably, the tango. Designed for sultry sophisticates who are unafraid to touch, it is pure libido, scorched in Latin lust. Tango writhes and whirls and grinds and gropes with syncopated abandon. It's high drama accompanied by cervical whiplash and wanton disregard for shoe leather. In short, it is your best bet for cheap thrills under a flimsy veneer of high style and impeccable manners. To demonstrate some of the more mesmerising manoeuvres of the fateful embrace, PLAYBOY called on that fleet-footed paradigm of civility, TV comic Jay Leno. His lissome partner in sublimity is Kathy Shower who appeared in our June 1985 issue. We asked Leno, properly slicked down for the occasion, whether he felt like Valentino. "More like Vaselino," he said. "But it's the look you want to achieve. It's also important to try to make your sideburns resemble Mr Spock's." He offers special insight into the techniques pictured here, beginning with the pose top right. "One: Always approach the most beautiful woman in the room with a small gift, like, say, a Ferrari, a Rolls-Royce, maybe even a rose. [Tip: It's considered good form to bite a rose stem while tangoing. Practise at home first on barbed wire.] Two: Be forceful. Before you even say hello, place your arm around her waist and pull her ankle up your thigh. Women like this. Three: As you dance, hold her with only one hand, leaving your other hand free to wave to your friends. And four: When lifting her leg up to expose her underwear, a gentleman will always turn her away from the drink waiters who are watching from the corner. Instead, find a mirror."

It's been said that a woman learns most about a man by dancing with him. So what has Kathy Shower found out about the sure-footed Jay Leno? "I think she's just happy I didn't drop her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





CHEFS *(continued from page 55)*

Armstrong: Eating outside during summer is really important. . . I prefer a brunch as it's more relaxed.

ially on Sydney's northern beaches peninsula. We live at Whale Beach. Not right on the beach unfortunately, just over the hill. Still, the water is quite close.

We have a big balcony which is ideal for summer entertaining, and some weekends we invite four or so friends up to the house for a barbecue on the Sunday evening. I prefer a casual Sunday dinner to a brunch or a lunch as I like to spend the day windsurfing or in the surf.

It's a relaxed atmosphere and the food is always very simple on those occasions: some fresh fish — my favorites are snapper, blue eye or trout — gently barbecued; or occasionally some fresh prawns or a char-grilled steak.

I don't like any elaborate sauces or marinades, and prefer to serve the fish or meat with just a crisp salad, some crusty bread and, of course, a nice dry white.

We always finish dinner with dessert. I love dessert and in summer I like to serve something very light, or else an assortment of fruit in season, or perhaps fresh berries and home-made ice cream.

XAVIER ROBINSON: I must point out that what I cook when I'm working is not what I cook at home — in other words, I definitely don't try to bring the office home, and I empathise light and simple.

This is especially so in summertime when food at home, be it for myself or guests, is simply a lot of fish. I like seafood and eat a lot of prawns and smoked salmon, occasionally a bit of caviar, and nice fresh asparagus and things like that. In my thinking food follows climate quite strictly and I just would not eat a Christmas pudding in the middle of summer. To me, this is altogether wrong. In fact the climate connection is interesting to me because I'm relatively new to Melbourne and have noticed differences in what people eat when compared to Sydney and this is often explained by climate. In Sydney, for example, you can get away with serving cold soups in spring but in Melbourne cold soups aren't suitable until the beginning of summer.

And because Melbourne does have a hot summer I don't tend toward serving meat very much at all during the holiday break. So it's a lot of fish: smoked salmon, nice John Dory, and often I will marinate the John Dory in lime or lemon juice. I might complement this with a couple of cold rice dishes, or I might serve a paella which again emphasises the seafood.

Barbecues are very popular in Melbourne, but I'm not particularly fond of them. I go for more of a smorgasbord meal than having a barbecue and meat. I prefer cold foods on a nice hot day. I can enjoy a barbecue now and then but if I was putting on a party for guests in summer I would put on an array of cold foods and salads: maybe a shell pasta salad with mussels and basil; perhaps some fairly simple green salads with a nice red wine vinegar — something very plain and simple; maybe a nicoise-style salad with olives and tuna.

JEAN-YVES MERAUD: Summer is a very busy season for us at the hotel, there is not much time to entertain. When I do, I like small, intimate gatherings, nothing formal, and never more than five or six people.

I prefer a Sunday lunch and I like to serve the light and delicate foods of summer, such as seafoods and fresh summer fruits. I feel the subtle taste of seafood allows you to be more creative. It is more versatile than meat and more interesting to work with.

My favorite summer menu starts off with a bouillabaisse. I like this because it is a hearty soup and a seafood dish at the same time. Since I like to entertain in a very relaxed atmosphere this dish is ideal as it can be put in the middle of the table and everyone can help themselves.

I follow the bouillabaisse with a platter of French cheeses: a brie, some reblochon and my favorite cheese at the moment, some toure, which is a great cheese from the east of France. Of course there is always plenty of fresh, crusty French bread to accompany both dishes.

With seafood I like to serve a good beaujolais instead of a white wine. This is a practice that is becoming increasingly accepted now.

For dessert in summer I like to make a zablione, either champagne or chablis. This is a very light dessert and I serve it with a lemon sorbet, which has been prepared ahead of time, and fresh summer berries for a contrast of flavors.

MARK ARMSTRONG: We're closed on Sundays and Mondays, so at about two some Sunday mornings, when we've finished working, we head off to our hideaway on the NSW Central Coast. It's at Empire Bay on the Brisbane Waters. Sometimes we have friends along from Sydney.

We have an Australian-style homestead with a big verandah which is great for entertaining. Eating outside during summer is really important, as the rest of the week is spent working inside.

I prefer a brunch as it's more relaxed than an evening meal. Our Sunday brunches usually start before midday with a bottle of champagne and end sometime after four in the afternoon. We relax with friends over the sort of food we cook in the restaurant, only simplified, with much sampling of wines and good conversation.

I like to make an egg dish as an entree, then follow with a rack of veal. We usually finish with a light dessert or just fresh summer fruits. As we like to eat outside, a barbecue is ideal, often char-grilled spatchcock or quail. Sometimes we go down to the water at the front of the house and do some crabbing. Crabs are great on the barbecue.

After our champagne starter it's usually a light white or pinot noir, or maybe a beaujolais.

Our guests tend to be a mix from inside and outside the trade. It's important to talk shop, but not too much. Sometimes it's good just to get right away from work.

After brunch we often go for a long walk. We have a wonderful reserve behind the house which is beautifully cool in summer. The evening is usually low-key, with just toasted sandwiches or something easy like that.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

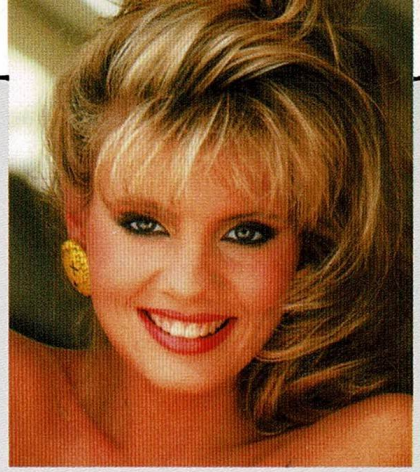
FAST CARR

Life for Laurie Carr used to be slow. Then she shifted gear into the fast, fast lane.

Meet Laurie Carr, our wonderful Miss January. What a welcome to 1987! Laurie used to be a commercial art student but now she's zipping through life as a model. "I found I didn't like the business end of commercial art," she explains. "I guess I'd had one too many accounting classes. I realised it was time to do something radically different. A friend sent my pictures to PLAYBOY. I came to the city, and now I'm a model!" Laurie wants to go back to the drawing board one day but, for now, commercial art's loss is our big gain!

"It's great to be appreciated physically," says Laurie, who sure should know. "But your looks are just something God gave you. I think that what really counts is what you do with what you've got." What kind of man appeals to this kind of woman? "I'm not turned on by outsides," she says, "because you get tired of that unless there is a person inside who turns you on." Laurie doesn't insist on any specific physical type as long as the bloke's no slouch. "I want someone who works hard and plays hard!" laughs Laurie. And someone, we suspect, who has a heap of energy to keep up with the fast, fast Miss Carr.

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Laurie Carr



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Laurie Carr

BUST: 86cm (34) WAIST: 53cm (21") HIPS: 84cm (33")

HEIGHT: 170cm (5'7") WEIGHT: 46.5kg (103lb)

BIRTH DATE: 11-12-65 SIGN: Sagittarius

AMBITIONS: To continue to grow and be respected, both personally and professionally.

TURN-ONS: Music, sleeping late, creativity, champagne, being challenged.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty ashtrays, jealousy, pills, petty arguments, procrastination.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: INXS, Joe Jackson, Machinations

IDEAL MAN: Both confident and sensitive, he treats me like a lady but respects me as an equal.

IDEAL EVENING: would be a wild night out with good friends or a wild night in with the right man.

THE BEST THING ABOUT SEX IS: that it can convey emotions that words alone cannot always express.

I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE: I've taken risks in my life and have tried to learn from both good and bad.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The society matron was spending a weekend at a country horse stud and was out on a morning ride with the handsome, well-to-do owner.

She was aboard one of the gent's prized stallions when the horse suddenly broke wind.

"Oh, dear, I'm so embarrassed!" she exclaimed to her host.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "no need to be embarrassed. I actually thought the horse did it!"

What are you getting so excited about, Karen?" the husband said. "It's just a little disagreement."

"No, Ken, we're simply not compatible," insisted his wife. "I'm a Virgo and you're an arsehole."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tear gas* as onion and baked bean casserole.

Show this lady the best fur coat you have," the well-dressed young man told the manager of an exclusive fur salon in Melbourne's Toorak.

The furrier brought out a magnificent sable. The woman loved it.

"Excuse me, sir," the manager discreetly whispered. "I think you should know it costs $100,000."

"No problem. Let me give you a cheque."

"Very good, sir," replied the furrier. "Today is Friday. You can pick up the coat on Monday morning after your cheque clears with the bank."

On Monday the young man went back to the salon.

"You have some nerve!" exclaimed the angry furrier. "You don't even have one dollar in your cheque account, let alone 100,000. What, may I ask, are you doing back here?"

"I just wanted to thank you," grinned the fellow, "for the best weekend of my life!"

When the man collapsed on the train, an ambulance was called and he was rushed to a nearby Sisters of Mercy hospital.

It was determined he required heart surgery and he was immediately wheeled into the operating room.

The procedure went well, and as the groggy man regained consciousness, he was reassured by the sister waiting by his bed. "Mr Wells, you're going to be fine," the nun said, patting his hand. "We do have to know, however, how you intend to pay for your stay here. Are you covered by private health insurance?"

"No, I'm not," the man whispered hoarsely. "I just have a Medicare card."

"Well, that won't cover the extras I'm afraid," she replied. "Can you pay the balance by cash?"

"I don't have any money," he said.

"How about some close relatives who could lend you some?" she inquired.

"I have a spinster sister in Canberra," he answered, "but she's a nun."

"Nuns are not spinsters, Mr Wells," the nun admonished. "They are married to God."

"Great," he said, managing a wan smile, "send the account to my brother-in-law!"

When a referee penalised the gridiron team five yards in a critical semi-final game, the incensed coach ran on to the field to protest, but the official stuck to his decision.

"You stink, ref!" the coach screamed.

"Is that so?" the referee replied as he picked up the ball and moved it 15 yards farther downfield. "How do I smell from here?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Oh, the usual things, Mum... you know Tom always gives me clothes."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY D'ORIO

ROCK brats

The kids of Tina Turner, Frank Zappa, Kevin Borich, Grace Slick, Carole King, Ringo Starr and others talk about growing up to the sound of a different drummer.

Compiled by Jean Penn
with additional material by Anthony O'Grady

YOU TURN ON *Countdown* to watch Tina Turner strut across the screen. Do images of Mum, at home in the kitchen whipping up honey and peanut butter sandwiches, pop into your head? Or you catch Frank Zappa on the news, turning surly and belligerent at questions that displease him. Can you imagine walking up to him and asking, "Hey, Dad, okay if I borrow the keys to the station wagon?"

Rock'n'roll has always been a temporary respite from adult responsibilities and a favorite way to fantasise about life close to, if not on, the proverbial edge. And yet some of those same acts we watch on stage — the ones who define the term *fast lane* — are parents themselves. Just like our mums and dads. Just like some of us.

We're not talking about the occasional unlucky loser of a paternity suit, either. We're talking about grown-up men and women who tried to have the best of two often mutually exclusive worlds — rock music and parenthood. And, as the children of such families will tell you, it's not an easy balancing act. We asked 10 kids of famous music-world figures what it was like to grow up with a backstage instead of a backyard, to have parents who were paid to act like teenagers.

CRAIG TURNER, *28, son of* TINA TURNER.

I was never very musically inclined, I was into sports. I loved listening to music but I never got into playing. My idols were Jimi Hendrix, Bill Withers and, of course, Ike and Tina Turner. I was always into the soulful sound, but I never went to any concerts when I was young except my parents'.

My mother and stepfather were on the road 10 months out of the year. We had a different housekeeper every year to take care of us. So when our parents weren't around, we had our own way. My parents weren't very strict. Normally we would get a good whipping

once a year. When my stepfather came home, it was either to spank us or rest up for two days. My mother was concerned about the usual things: having us eat the right food, making sure we ate together every day at the same time, and making us watch our language. She talked regularly with our teachers.

When my mother was going through her divorce in 1976, everyone in the family went their own way. I went into the navy for four years. My mother didn't want me to go in at all. It was good for me. I took a lot of things for granted in my life because everything was given to me. Now, I'm a junior agent in the music department of Triad Artists and I'm training to be an agent someday. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll say, "Hi, my name is Craig Turner. My mother is Tina." That might open a few doors. But I'm very reserved about that. I usually don't tell people who my mother is.

CHINA KANTNER, *15, daughter of Grace Slick and Paul Kantner* **(JEFFERSON AIRPLANE** *and* **STARSHIP).**

My parents never named me "god". There's absolutely no truth to that story at all. Here's what really happened:

My mum was in the hospital where she'd just had me, and a real sugary-sweet nurse walks in and asks, "And what did you decide to name your sweet little baby?"

So my mum said, "We're naming it god — only we're spelling it with a small 'g' to be humble." So the nurse ran off and told a journalist, and he put it in his column. My mum was just joking. Lots of times she's very sarcastic — more so when she was drinking than now — and blurts things out. Some people get the joke and some don't.

Until I was about four I lived in Seacliff, California, with my mum and dad. Then my mum left when I was four and married Skip Johnson. She and my dad were never married, so there was no divorce. Since then I have lived one week with my mum and one week with my dad, until lately.

Sometimes I got bored with all the rock concerts I went to while I was growing up. But it also felt exciting to see 12,000 people in the audience, happy and having a good time watching my parents. I always wanted to do what they were doing real bad. Even when I was seven I can remember running on stage for encores and stuff. I've always wanted to sing or be in some phase of the business, like acting or modelling. In 6th and 7th year I was a Cyndi Lauper clone. Then, when I started noticing guys I started thinking more about the way I looked and less about school work, and my marks started dropping. When I got to high school, my marks started dropping more, and I was cutting classes. But no more. This year I'm at uni, and I think I've improved my attitude. I'm really trying to get good marks.

I take after my mum more than my dad. I get my personality, sarcastic humor, my swearing from my mum. I've got my mum's body.

Me and my mum are best friends. We even share clothes all the time and have the exact same taste. We get in big fights about once every six months — hardly ever. And I love her more than anything. We always go around together. But she also likes to be alone, reading and stuff. I can't sit still. I have the attention span of a gnat. So I sit and watch MTV 20 hours a day. I love MTV.

I don't have any idols, but I used to like Madonna. I still like her, but in 7th year I worshipped her. Now I'm getting to a point where I want to be myself. But then I dressed like her and even entered a Madonna look-alike contest at a shopping centre on Oahu. I did all the stupid Madonna moves, even rolling on the ground.

What about drugs? My mum told me she had fun in the '60s and all about the dope thing. But she was never a hippie, even though people classified her as a hippie. She didn't make her own bread and she was always a real clean person. She did use a lot of drugs. But seeing her didn't affect me as much as seeing all those people dying of overdoses — Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin. I want to sing and do something with my life. I don't care if other people take drugs. But I think it's stupid and it makes me do stupid things.

For a time I had hair down to my waist. Then I chopped it off on one side and shaved it so I could spike it. It's taking a long time to grow out. My mother didn't mind. There's no way in the world I could actually shock her. Let me ask her. (*Pause while she confers with Grace Slick.*) She said I could shock her by getting straight As.

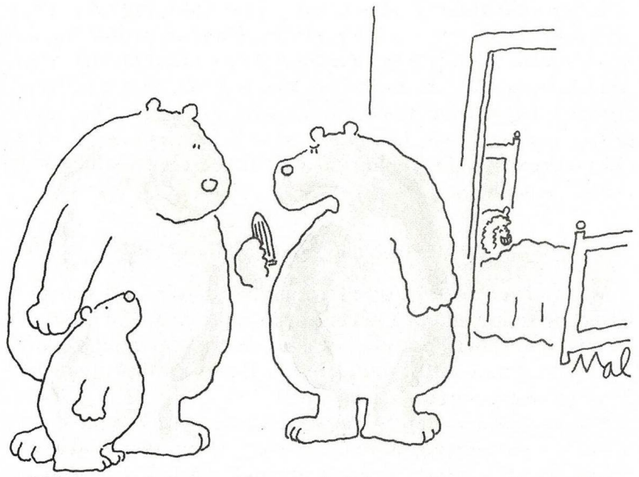
MOON UNIT *and* **DWEEZIL ZAPPA,** *daughter and son of Gail and* **FRANK ZAPPA.**

MOON UNIT, 19: What were my parents doing when I was born? My father was either on or getting ready to go on a tour, and my mother was moving furniture. They were married 14 days before I was born. I thought that was pretty funny. Then there's my name — I'm told it was a toss-up between that and Motor Head. I am only too grateful they went with Moon Unit. Luckily, I've got a sense of humor about the whole thing. I don't remember the first time I saw my father perform. I just remember once that my dad's bodyguard came up and told us we couldn't sit on stage. Then he found out who we were and said it was okay. We always sat on boxes off to the side of the show. Apparently my first word was WERP — that's the sound the music makes when it's going backwards through the tape systems.

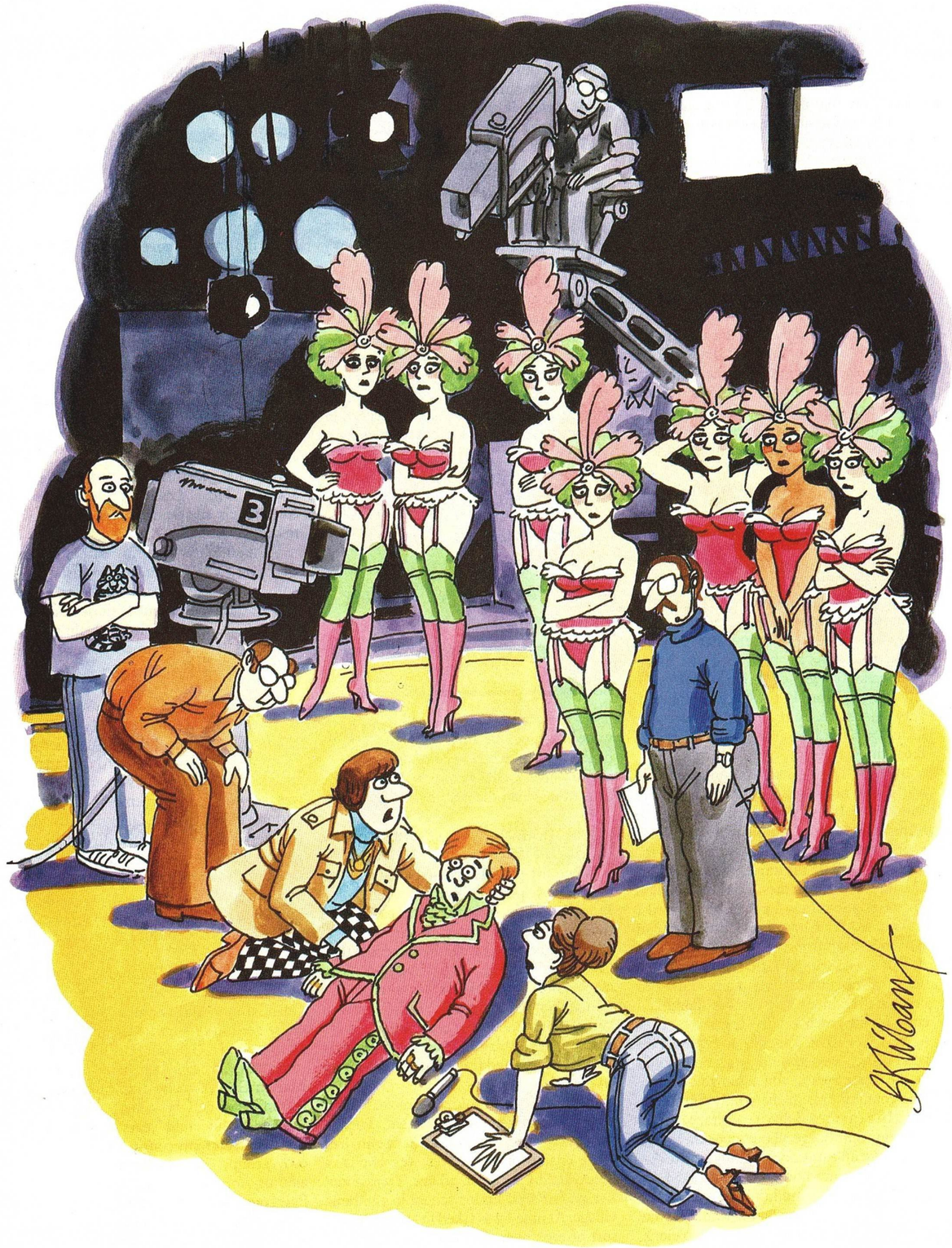
My musical education began at six, maybe younger, when I was forced to take piano lessons. I couldn't get into it 'cause I have no patience. At nine I wanted to play the harp so my parents got me an Irish harp and I took lessons. That lasted about a year. I listened to anything I wanted to. I could go to any kind of musical concert I wanted to see. My father encouraged me to appreciate music of all kinds. He has an unbelievable record collection — R&B, classical, jazz, you name it.

We pretty much do our own thing in this house. Our family never sits together and eats dinner. Maybe for a couple of Thanksgivings we sat together for 10 minutes. That family togetherness was something I sometimes wanted when I was going to high school. All my friends had very family-oriented families who were always doing things like taking jacuzzis together. But if everyone in my family got into a jacuzzi together, it would be a disaster. My little brother would probably pee in the water — not because he had to, but as a joke — and there would be a million arguments between Ahmet and Diva, the two younger kids. So it's probably a good thing we don't.

It would be pretty hard to shock my



"Never mind the porridge — who's been using my vibrator?"



"Get a doctor in here quick... this man has lost a lot of talent!"

parents, believe me. Nothing would scare my parents except probably religion. If I became a born-again Christian I would be disowned. Don't panic. I have no intention of becoming one.

What would scare them the second most would be if I had a date. I scare so many guys away that if they saw one stay more than 10 or 15 minutes it would probably put them in a frenzy.

I've always been pretty protective of Dweezil; but now our roles are reversed. He dates more than I do — not by my choice — and he's like an older brother would be. We've always been pretty close. He's probably my best friend.

My parents aren't really restrictive, but my father likes to meet all my friends and know what I'm up to. He wants to know my values are not totally screwed up. He was excited to know, for instance, that I voted in the last election. He didn't really give me any resistance about quitting high school. I pretty much outgrew high school. I wasn't there for the social life. By then I had started thinking about a career and my long-term goals.

If anything, my parents have encouraged all of us to be our own person, to do whatever we want to do, that it is important to be loved for who we are, and that hopefully we would make the right decision and not take drugs.

I'm very against drugs. To me, it's important to be in control. And there's no way I'm going to venture out in some uncharted part of my brain.

What kind of guy do I like? I don't go for any specific type. But a sense of humor is very important. And he should have nice hands and big feet. Yeah, my dad has all those things.

DWEEZIL, 17: My first name is spelled with an "i" and not an "e". How could you not know that? It's such a common name. I'm thinking of using middle initials just so people won't get me confused with all the other Dweezils in the universe. Yeah, Frank likes to create fun names. There are all sorts of stories about how I got mine. I heard I was named after my mum's little toe, and Gail says that's true.

When I was a real little kid I got teased not just because of my name but also because I had long hair. It was blond and curly, so my parents didn't want to cut it.

We never went places as a family. It's a good thing, because family vacations could be the worst torture you could go through. The younger kids in the family fight non-stop. In a car they'd drive you crazy.

In our family everybody does their own thing. We all eat dinner at different times. Everyone knows how to cook — even the six-year-old. We wouldn't have it any other way. I can't imagine what it would be like sitting down with everyone at six o'clock. When we watch TV, everyone is watching a different channel.

My father and I sometimes have opposite musical tastes. He gets way out with weird harmonics that most people find hard to swallow. He's really percussive. I like a lot of guitar with anything. I would love to play on Madonna's record with a heavy metal guitar. I just played on Don Johnson's record — a number called *The Last Sound Love Makes*. It turned out real neat. I think he needs one blistering song — like Michael Jackson with Eddie Van Halen.

I never had a reason to rebel. I don't find anything that offensive in my parents to rebel against. I try to stay out of trouble. I don't get myself involved where I could end up in dangerous situations. I stay far away from drugs or alcohol. There's a very strong sense of that in the house. I don't even want to talk to anyone on drugs. I think taking drugs is an excuse to be an arsehole.

When I was young, I don't remember meeting many people at the house. Jimi Hendrix came over once, but Dad is not a real sociable person. We get an allowance. It's like the house is an office and everything and we have a pay packet system going on here. If we need money we borrow it and write how much we took. Moon has her own bank account, but every once in a while she has to borrow. She's going to have a rude awakening when she moves out.

Moon Unit Zappa: I'm very against drugs. To me it's important to be in control. There's no way I'm going to venture in an uncharted part of my brain.

JASON BONHAM, *20, son of* **JOHN BONHAM** *(the late drummer for* **LED ZEPPELIN***).*

When my parents married at 17 and had me the next year, we lived in a car trailer. When I was two, Robert Plant (*Led Zeppelin vocalist*) asked my father to join this great new band he had got together, because they needed a drummer. At first he said, "No, maybe not," because my mother didn't want him to join. She said: "Every time you join up with Robert in something it always ends up a bad thing." They sent telegrams back and forth and finally he took them up on the offer.

When I got a little older we moved out of the caravan and got an apartment. Then, a few years later, after Led Zeppelin had made a name for themselves, we moved to a house in another small village. I was about five and started junior school in the same village. At nine I was asked to leave school. I sort of took over the classes. Some of the kids resented it. I was so outgoing and forward, the teachers couldn't cope. I *was* a bit of a lunatic. My mum used to take me into a clothes shop. I looked a bit different because I had this long blond hair. Some shop assistant would say, "Isn't she cute," and I'd scream, "I'm a boy, not a girl," and knock all the clothes down. But when you're that age, you don't really realise you're different.

At nine, I took up motocross. My father really got into it. He'd be up at 6.30am making sandwiches. He'd attach a towing trailer with my bike in the back of his Rolls and off we'd go. I became quite good at it, and by the time I was 11 I'd won six championships.

By the time we moved into our first house my father started to make a lot of money. At one time he had 14 cars, including two Bentleys, a Rolls, an XJ 120, a Masserati, a few Jensens, Ferraris and a Rolls Corniche. It was a largish house on a farm with a back yard, barns, a cottage. We had about 60 acres. It was a very small village. And the nearest house to us was two miles away.

In England, Led Zeppelin was not a household name. And most of the kids at school had parents older then mine. They'd say, "What's the name of your dad's group again?" Then Led Zeppelin played a concert here and then the kids started to try to be friends.

I found out about my father's death watching TV. My mum was downstairs. We both started screaming. I was about 14.

His death was just one of those things. He had too much to drink, he hadn't eaten. Everyone does it. He just woke up, started feeling bad and choked.

OTIS REDDING III, *23, son of Zelma and the late* **OTIS REDDING.**

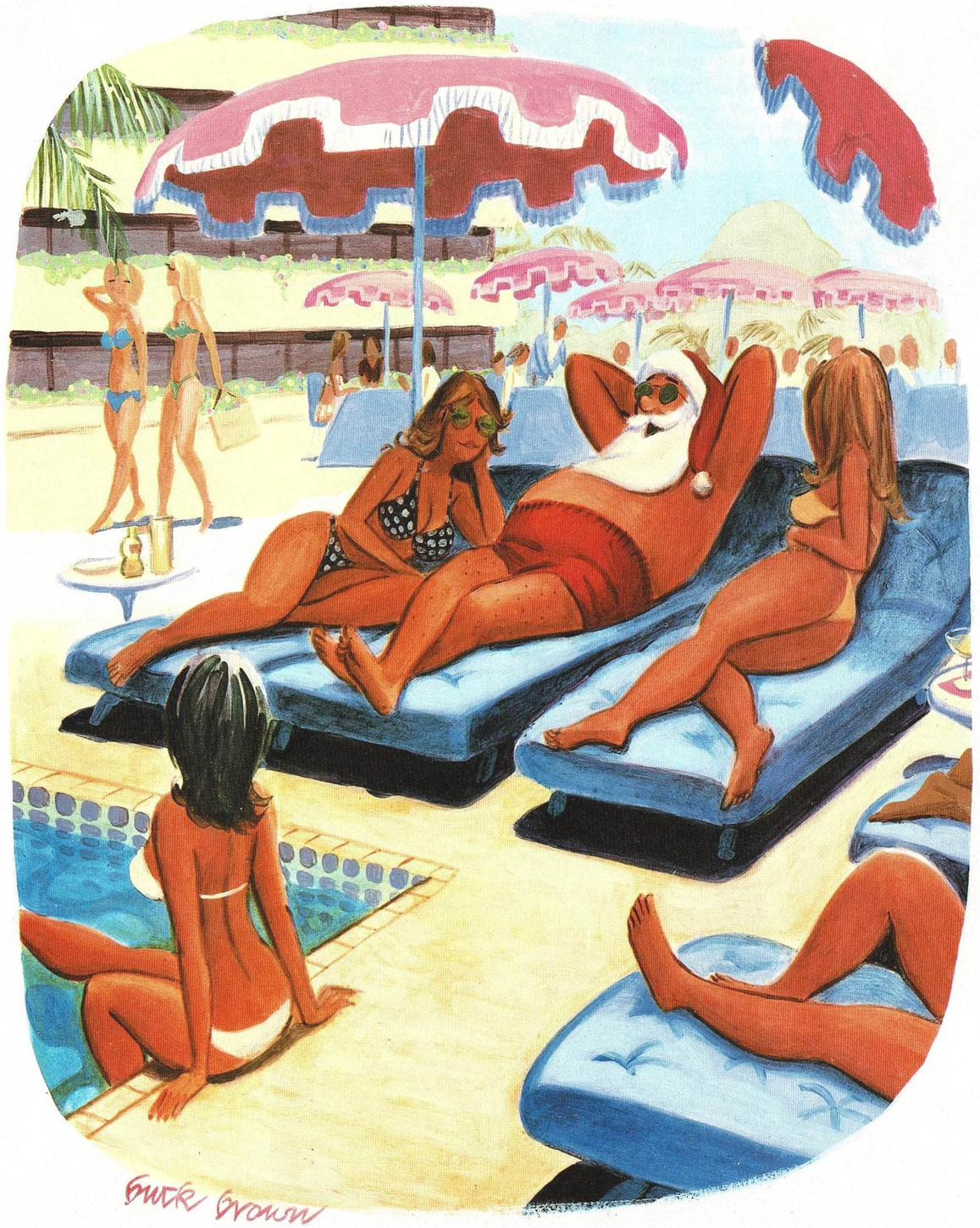
I wish I could say I knew my father. But he was buried on my third birthday. I couldn't even get really sorrowful 'cause I was so young. I remember seeing him perform once in Rome, Georgia. He had his own aeroplane and I went with him to a gig when I was real small. My mum would get upset because I'd come home with one shoe or something missing. She'd say, "Otis, you know you can't take care of that kid while you're performing." But I always wanted to go.

It took my mum a long time to get over his death. After he died, she played his music around the house a lot. I couldn't really get into his music then. Not until I was around 13 did I realise he was something special. In fact, except for Marvin Gaye, I really didn't like music all that much when I was a kid.

Then about eight years ago, my older brother Dexter, my cousin and I started our own group, the Reddings. We did five albums for CBS and now we're on Polygram. We're not trying to be like our father. But that kind of music comes natural to us. Dexter sounds like my father when he sings certain songs.

My brother and cousin would say to me,

(continued on page 96)



"And then I realised I couldn't take another Christmas Eve staring up little reindeer arses!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

COURT ORDER

You don't need to be a Davis Cup star to look good on the tennis courts this summer.

Fashion by Vitek

On the left, T-shirt top ($40) and shorts ($35) by Diadora and shoes by Adidas ($38). In the centre, her top ($42) and skirt ($45) by Finesse. Her shoes are Monica ($40) by Adidas and her racquet ($78) is GTM by Adidas. On the right, his top ($27.50) and shorts ($23.50) are by Puma and his shoes are Lendl II ($67) by Adidas. Clothing and equipment available at all leading sports stores.

All clothing by Adidas. On the left, top ($30) and shorts ($32). Centre, dress ($72). On the right, top ($29) and shorts ($30). Adidas gear available from leading sports stores including Adiaction, Sydney. Bag ($32) by Lotto; visor ($4.50). Sunglasses by Bolle. Photographed at White City, Sydney.

All clothing from One Love by Mel Clifford. On the left, top ($42) and shorts ($54). Centre, top ($42) and shorts ($54); his shoes ($35) are Silver Star by Avanti. On the right, top ($78) and skirt ($85).

One Love clothing available from specialty shops, David Jones, and One Love, Double Bay, Sydney.

NO SWEAT

You may have heard it's no pain, no gain. But it's not that hard to get into good shape.

Fitness by MIKE AGOSTINI

THE WORD FROM the world's experts on fitness is out! If you want to be happy, and live a good life, you really don't have to break your back or sweat too heavily getting fit and healthy.

The great running boom of the '70s seems to have ended, even if many of its participants have moved on to more energetic pursuits, like triathlons, biathlons and suchlike exhausting physical tests. The more leisurely joggers may continue to run (although perhaps not quite so hard as they once did) but in fun runs and marathons, except for the bigger or better ones, the numbers are generally down.

In fact this mass movement of aerobically addicted members of the population has probably never involved more than a small overall proportion. The majority, say 85 percent, did not really join the jogging and aerobics boom so much as condone, endorse and support it in a limited manner.

Many, however, have given up — or else didn't even begin to participate, possibly because of fear, confusion or simply lack of discipline. It was either too complex, too painful or else too tedious to get fit.

This is no longer the case. Easy fitness with fun, relaxation and recreation is the new trend. Which is quite ironic, because it really isn't new, so much as recently rediscovered, that ordinary pursuits like walking, the daily dozen of easy exercises, relaxation, rest and recreation are probably more important and beneficial for the majority than jogging, running or pushing hard in competition.

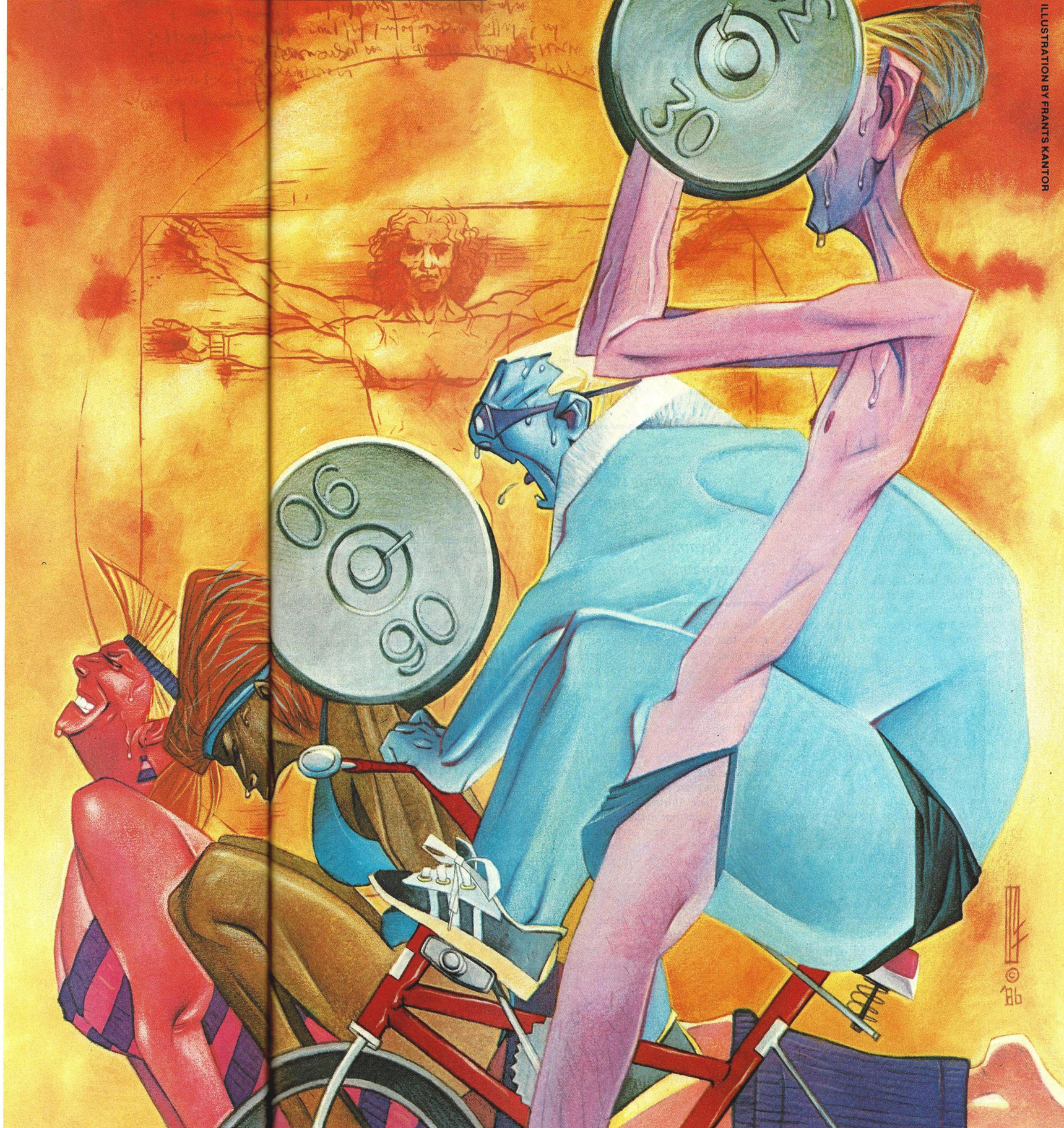
When a few gifted and dedicated individuals excel so visibly and with such physical prowess, it may excite and attract the admiration and interest of the others — but it also scares them away from even the lesser levels of fitness.

But now everyone can, and should, get fitter — and possibly healthier — by following these simple, easy steps which our forefathers knew and used automatically.

You really don't have to run like Deek or train as hard as Marc Dragan, the triathlete, to get fit, stay fit and live long and well. In fact, there are indications that too much hard exercise may even detract from the potential to live both long and enjoyably.

Everyone recalls the late James Fixx, whose writings helped create the running boom. Jim Fixx died of a sudden coronary whilst engaging in his favorite sport. It was the way he would have wanted to go, but it shocked many — and made quite a few look again at their ideas and beliefs about keeping fit.

I am one of those myself. I knew Jim Fixx, having entertained him at my home here in Sydney when he visited Australia a few years ago to promote sales of his best-selling book *The Complete Book Of Running*. A delightful individual with obviously high intelligence, a friendly manner and easy smile, Jim



also seemed like a man possessed by a demon of his own creation. He had written a couple of books before *The Complete Book Of Running*, but this one made him famous and altered his lifestyle. While he was forced to be always in the limelight, he seemed a private man who might have preferred the royalties without the fame his writings brought. I felt he wasn't able to relax and simply be himself.

His heredity was certainly against him, his father having died at 42 from prolonged coronary heart disease, so Jim actually outlived the lifespan that might have been predicted for him. Fitness and running probably gave him those extra years, but so too did his altered lifestyle, since he gave up smoking, excessive eating and too much drinking for most of the final 15 years of his life.

The message seems clear to me that maybe my forebears had more of the right habits and attitudes to create long, enjoyable lives than most of the modern fitness gurus. My grandfather and his brother both seemed so easygoing even with the hard economic times they must have encountered, neither having been particularly wealthy but both having large families to support. Relaxation, however, and taking things as they come seemed to be their way of dealing with life and its changing fortunes.

The rest of the world now appears to agree. The fitness philosophy of the present is back to what it was in my grandfather's time: Work hard, but also relax well. Do most things in moderation, but don't be afraid to lash out now and then, so long as you take time to recover. Walk whenever and wherever you can. Eat widely but generally sparingly, except on special occasions. Most of all, don't worry too much about anything.

The walking boom has already begun in the USA, and it's starting to take on here in Australia too. Unlike the jogging and running boom, it is unlikely to receive quite the same hype and promotion. Yet walking is all you really need to do if you want to get reasonably fit, avoid some of the risks of coronary heart disease, and also not fall prey to any of the many injuries which always seem to ensure that one out of every three runners is off injured at any one time.

It's all so very simple that it seems incredible. Yet I proved it to my own satisfaction recently, passing a major life assurance medical examination with flying colors and on a training regime of just regular walking. My blood pressure, blood fats, heart rate, lung capacity and all the vital systems are in the top ranks of fitness for my age, yet I haven't run regularly now for almost 18 months.

I wouldn't have believed it a few years ago. Then I was sure the only way to keep fit and healthy was to run — often, regularly and quite hard. Then too I endured the aches and pains which are the companions of any dedicated runner. Ask Robert de Castella, who has confessed to feeling like he's been run over by a semi-trailer some mornings when he gets up to go out for his daily routine training run.

Today on a walking regime I seldom get stiff and sore, feel much more energetic than I did in my thirties or forties, yet do no more than walk regularly. I aim to do between 40 and 45 minutes — briskly, but stopping now and then to look at the magnificent views of Sydney Harbor.

Since I wrote Australia's first jogging book (*Mike Agostini's Jog-In*) and also the only executive fitness book published locally, and in both extolled the virtues — even necessity — of jogging and running, I'm now ready to admit I might have been wrong and advocated more than was actually necessary. But I'm in good company there, because most of the world's leading experts are now agreeing that regular walking is by far the best, safest and simplest means of obtaining all your minimum aerobic needs.

The experts now agree regular walking is by far the best, safest and simplest means of obtaining all your minimum aerobic needs.

How much walking? The experts seem to agree that three times weekly for half an hour or more is adequate. But they also say it's quite safe to walk daily if you feel like it. Which is what I try to do. Not hard, stiff and formal, even if briskly; more like someone doing something they enjoy but which they also want to get plenty out of.

So if you're planning a special training program this summer, make walking your basic exercise and you can't really go far wrong — the more so if you're now pushing into your late thirties or early forties. Because at some time in the next few years, like myself, you'll have to learn to walk rather than to run or jog, if you want to remain physically active with minimal risk of injury or breakdown.

EAT AND BE HEALTHY

There is confusion today about nutrition and diet like never previously because of the proliferation of conflicting research and information on the subject. It seems the more we get to know about something, the more confused we become.

Our grandparents didn't seem to have too much of a worry in this regard. Without all of our scientific knowledge, advice and so-called experts, and also without having the wide selection of foodstuffs available like we have today, they ate simply, well and usually quite wisely too. Otherwise they wouldn't have lived as long as so many of them did. Most people have at least one grandparent, and other relatives, who made it into their eighties, and even their nineties and more. Many of these elderly people are still healthy, active and fit for their age.

In fact the trend now is once more to simplicity, whilst still enjoying the wide range of choices available for our diet.

The human body is a complex machine whose basic requirements have never really changed. We need to consume the essentials of good diet and nutrition regularly; daily if possible. Thus we need proteins, carbohydrates, fats and oils -- and, of course, vitamins and minerals, which can only be found in the widest range of foods, unless you want to resort to vitamins and supplements.

Proteins are best found in animal products, particularly meats of any kind, but also milk and the products made from it. They are also abundant in vegetable products of various kinds, though in smaller amounts. However, it now seems that the amount of protein required is much less than was once believed. Meaning that while a small amount of meat is necessary for good health (despite what the vegetarians or the Pritikin addicts say), too much can almost become a poison. Pritikin-type diets are certainly excellent for those who need them because they have higher health risks than others, but they are also often boring and unpalatable.

Nuts are a good source of vegetable protein, as are many kinds of beans, legumes and similar items. In countries where people can't afford meat regularly they use beans, mixed with meat, to supplement their protein requirements. Hence, for instance, chilli con carne with beans from Mexico. Unfortunately in Australia we put too much meat in dishes like that.

Carbohydrates are the energy materials, and should come from fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, and grain products like bread and cereals. They are also good sources of natural fibre, which is necessary for digestion. It should be noted here that according to some recent research, the manufactured fibre products, or else products with high fibre added, may be somewhat risky for some people.

Fish is the current life-saver, according to some scientific sources, which maintain that fish oils help prevent heart attacks by making the blood less likely to clot and thus cause coronary problems.

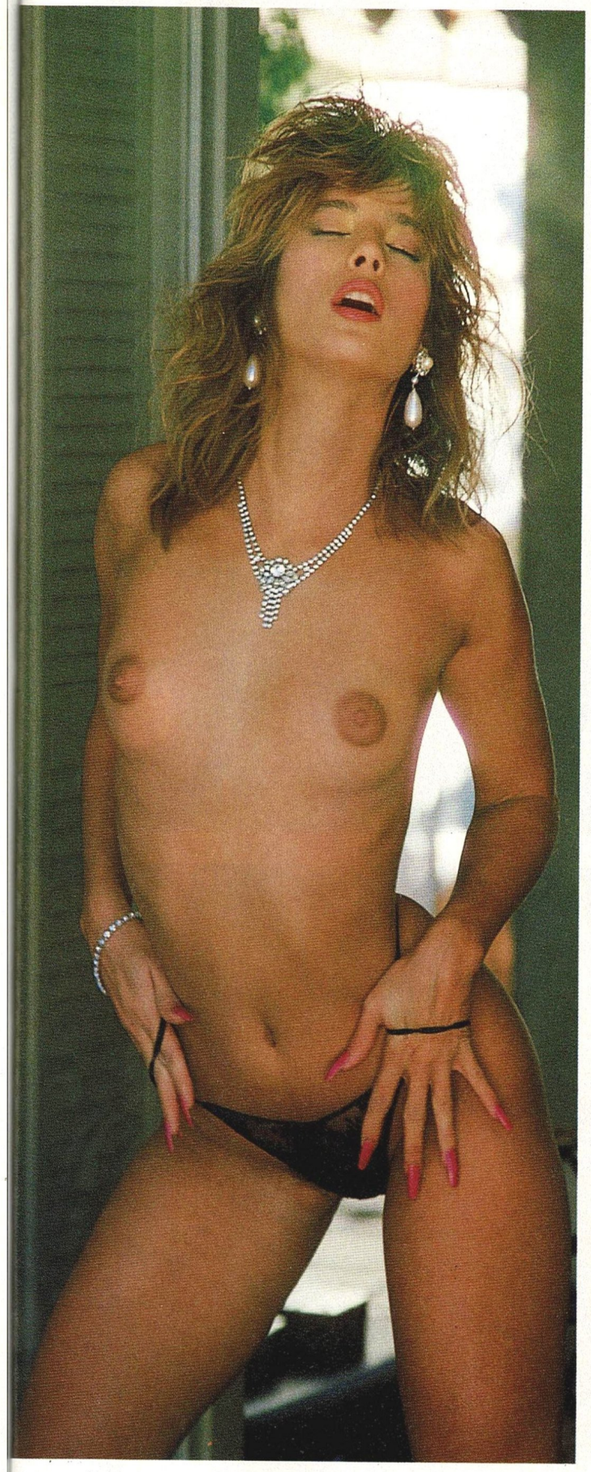
So forget about the recent fads and trends, and get back to the basics. Eat cereals and fresh fruit for breakfast, with some protein from eggs, meat or milk products; have a lunch with plenty of salad vegetables, more cereals in the form of bread, or else freshly cooked vegetables, and

(continued on page 94)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNIE TORTA

FIT FOR EVERYTHING

If you want to get ahead with lovely Collette Saunders, better start working out right now.



Collette Saunders believes there's nothing more important in life than fitness and good health. "I used to think that money was pretty important," she confesses. "But I've had a few close encounters with my health and now I realise that money doesn't mean a thing unless you're well and happy." Collette works as an aerobics instructor for a big city gym and thinks nothing of taking three or four consecutive classes. "I'm just getting worked up by about the third class! Sometimes the people I'm teaching are just exhausted and I'm still raring to go!"

When she's not working out at an incredible pace, Collette likes to potter around the spacious apartment she shares with three girlfriends. "The others are all flight attendants," she says, "and so they are away a lot. It's great to have the place to myself. I like to wander around naked. . . talk to my boyfriend on the phone. Sometimes we play out a few fantasies on the phone. He really gets turned on if I talk dirty to him!" Well, as for the rest of us, Collette, you don't even have to open your mouth to deliver a great turn-on!

NO SWEAT *(continued from page 86)*

The body needs time to recuperate from any excesses. The older you are, the more time it will take you.

again some protein from meat or other sources; and then dine on something quite light like fish or poultry, served with cooked vegetables and salads again, plus maybe some tasty sweets. That way you'll be correct in your diet without becoming a food faddist.

Stupid how simple it all is, with people beginning to ignore scientific discoveries and new ideas, and instead going back to the basics of our grandparents.

As the old wives' saying goes: there really is nothing new under the sun.

LIE BACK AND ENJOY

When High Court Justice Lionel Murphy was diagnosed as dying of terminal cancer in the middle of last year, one of the alternative treatments he turned to was relaxation therapy. The belief is that if one can relax the body, tone it down and turn it off regularly and consistently, it may heal itself — even of things like inoperable cancers.

Melbourne psychiatrist Ainslie Meares is the leading advocate of this type of treatment. Denigrated and almost totally disregarded for many years by the orthodox scientific community, from which he voluntarily separated himself eventually, Meares and his ideas are now regarded with much more respect.

Rest and relaxation are essential to good health, well-being and fitness. Yet many younger, and even a few older people, men and women, often forget this principle of nature. Many go out and exercise hard the morning after a hard night of eating, drinking and — for the more fortunate and sensible — making love perhaps.

I think it must have something to do with the Puritan ethic, or else Christian guilt feelings imposed upon us from our earliest years. "Punish the body" seems to be the attitude; that way we might make up for our sins of overindulgence.

Nonsense. The body needs time to recuperate from any excesses. The older you are, the more time it will take you. Also, the more stressed and thus tired you are, the more rest and relaxation you will need to compensate.

Recent research has shown that even the fittest of athletes, like marathon runners for instance, require up to 36 or more hours merely to replace tissue damaged by hard physical exercise. And when you work hard, play hard and live hard, it is only to be expected that you will also tear down body tissue, even if it doesn't hurt like running a marathon does.

So try giving your body more rest — and perhaps also less hard physical exercise. My grandfather and his brother were both great men for resting. They each had a siesta daily, except when extremely busy. They made time for it, even if it was only for 20 minutes. I do likewise myself, and am able to achieve much more than many people I know by using the rest and recovery method frequently.

"How can I do that in my business?" many professional people or business executives ask.

Easy, is my reply. Simply make sure that you have no appointments, no calls, and no disturbances, and lie on the floor of your office, if necessary, for 10 to 15 minutes. Even that will allow your system to tone down slightly and get ready for the next few hours of hard work and hassle.

Being able to relax, completely and fully, is an art — for some a natural gift — which could help save and, more importantly, perhaps even increase and improve many lives.

Don't wait until you have your first coronary symptoms, or cancer, to start using a technique that costs nothing but a little bit of time and some concentration. Then it might be too late, like it has been for so many others.

So instead of going out for a hard jog some days, simply lie down, rest, relax, and put your mind and body into an idling mode. You'll be quite amazed at its effects and benefits.

Also, make certain that you give yourself at least 24 and preferably about 36 hours after any hard exercise sessions before indulging again at a similar level.

The word is out, loud and clear, like it was in my grandfather's day. But remember, you need regular, mild to moderate exercise too. It's finding the right balance, between rest and relaxation and exercising, which will put you into your optimum performance areas. Which is what fitness really should be all about.

THE DAILY DOZEN

Australia's first truly great all-round athlete, Snowy Baker, had the secret, way back in 1908 when he was winning his gold medal in boxing at the London Olympics.

Baker, who represented Australia at more sports than anyone else before or since, including football, rowing, boxing, equestrianism and several others, believed in doing the daily dozen. Baker was so famous and popular in his time that he ended up in Hollywood, making movies and also a small fortune from teaching the rich and famous how to maintain good health and fitness throughout their lives.

The daily dozen is simply aimed at stretching, suppling and strengthening all the parts of the body by doing a series of exercises designed to achieve all of this quite easily and simply.

It's a sort of forerunner to modern aerobic dancing. Jane Fonda and others like her have certainly popularised aerobic dancing, but there have also been injuries, and even a few lawsuits, as a direct result of people pushing, or else being pushed, a bit beyond their own capabilities.

You can and should devise your own daily dozen, and do them regularly at home. That way you save on the costs of joining clubs or gyms, even if you do miss the pleasant sights of others, particularly the opposite sex, gyrating and moving in time to the music.

The body consists of limbs and a trunk, which are supported and kept together by muscles, sinews and bones. All of these need regular activity through use or exercise.

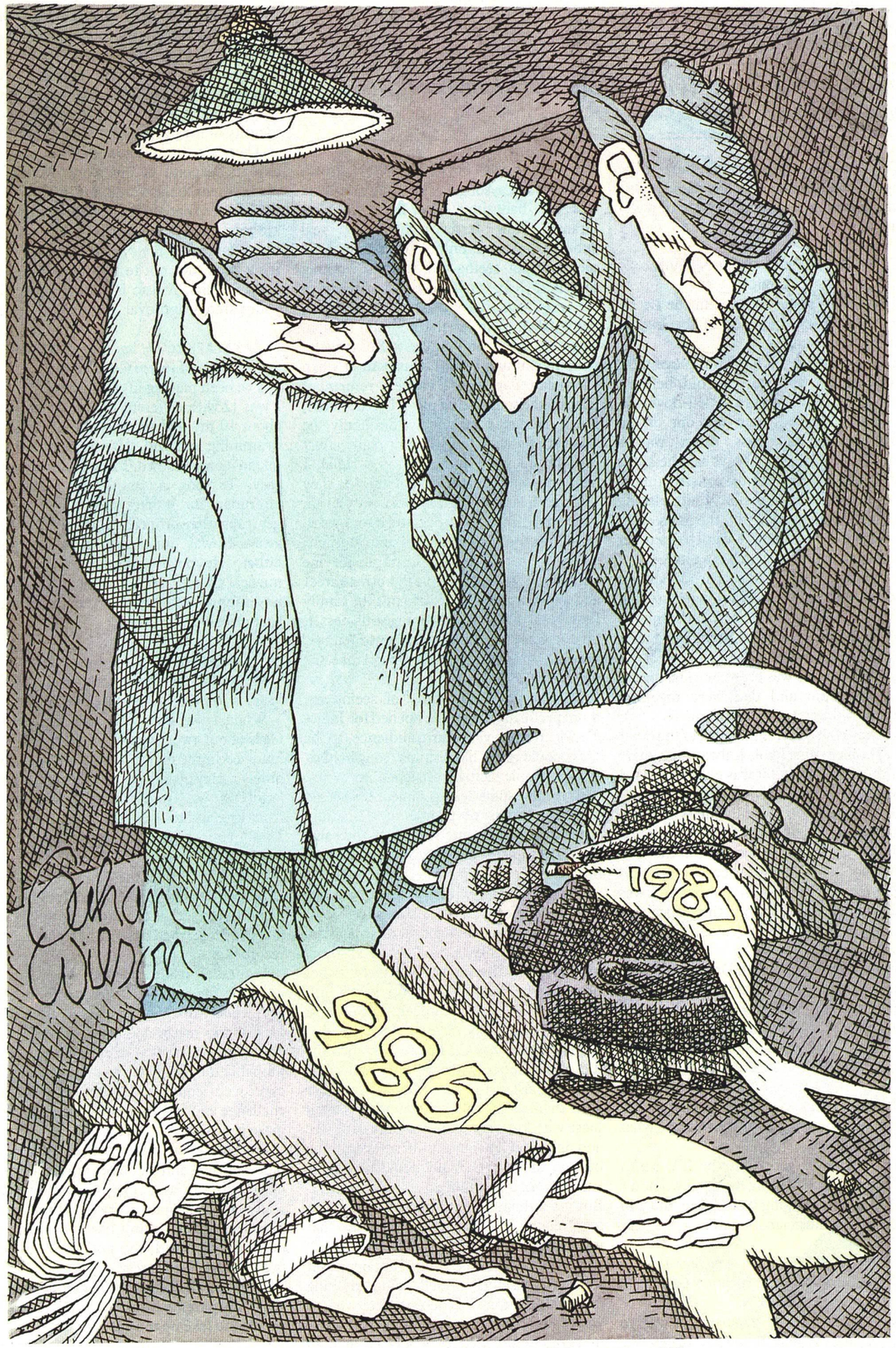
In devising your own daily dozen, try to ensure that you make use of the arms and legs as well as the main section of your body — the trunk. Twirling the arms in different directions, easily and gently, twisting the body, lifting the legs and moving them around, are all useful; more so if you devise and practise a routine.

Pushing, pulling, using the weight of the body or its parts, or else groups of muscles acting against each other, will also stretch, strengthen and even supple the musculature. Watch your nearest cat and see how these animals keep themselves loose, limber and strong, ready to pounce upon any prey. Learn from animals and nature, and apply these simple principles to your own exercise.

Like with walking and relaxing, you'll be amazed at how much can be done on a self-developed, natural program of exercises. You really don't need a system or books and videos if you follow your own instincts and also try for symmetry in your routines, ensuring that all muscles and groups of muscles get equal attention.

Tightening and relaxing a muscle, or groups of them together, is also very helpful. This is similar to the system popularised in the '30s by Charles Atlas and his "dynamic tension". Nowadays it's called "isometrics", and it too will make muscles very strong — and shapely too. Yet it doesn't require much expertise, since it's your own body you'll be using and you know what you can do with it better than anyone else.

Funny thing, this fitness business, isn't it? From the esoteric and sophisticated systems of recent years we're headed back to what our forebears all seemed to know and do so well — and so simply too. That is, to make use of the simplest and most natural systems available.



"From now on, you guys take your orders from me, see?"

Lucius Borich: "I don't think there's anything I could do that would shock my father."

"Why don't you sing lead off some of the songs?" I would say, "No, my name is Otis Redding, and when I sing I have to be really good."

LUCIUS BORICH, *15, son of* **KEVIN BORICH.**

I was born while dad was in the La De Das, when they were one of the biggest bands in the country.

Dad and Mum tell me I was playing the drums when I was two years old, before I could even speak. It was a scaled-down kit, the high hats had been cut out of old cymbals and the bass drum was a remodelled tom! Dad always said he and a few friends had a great time constructing it. He even taped a jam session of him playing with me at that age, but the tape went missing years ago and I can't remember ever having heard it, which is a pity.

I've always wanted to be a drummer and mostly I've taught myself through listening to records, though Dad's friends Johnny Dick and Keith Barbour used to give me a few pointers sometimes.

Our family life was pretty normal for the 10 years mum and dad were together, though Dad was away a lot of course.

I always felt different to most of the other kids I'd meet at school, I always felt there was music in me and it was obvious what I would end up doing with my life.

At school, I was the only kid who had a father who played rock'n'roll for a living and most of the other kids thought that was pretty cool. A few of the teachers used to single me out because they thought I was trying to act like I was something special. I think basically they were jealous of the sort of life Dad had.

I used to go on tour with Dad as much as I could. They were great times, I reckon life on the road is as good as it can get. I was the youngest roadie in Australia; I used to help out with the lights and jam with Dad during sound checks in the afternoon.

I don't think there's anything I could do that would shock my father: as long as I'm doing something I like, he doesn't care what it is.

I'm currently acting in the TV series *Willing And Able.* Acting is okay, I wouldn't mind keeping on doing it part time. But I'm going to be a musician for sure.

LOUISE GOFFIN, *26, daughter of* **CAROLE KING** *and songwriter* **GERRY GOFFIN.**

My father studied chemistry in college and wanted to write Broadway plays. My mother was going to be a school teacher. By the time I was born they were already co - writing songs. Yes, Little Eva was my babysitter. We lived in West Orange, New Jersey, which was real suburbia. And I only have sleepy little memories of seeing my parents working together. (*King and Goffin were divorced in the mid-1960s.*) I remember, for instance, being taken to an Aretha Franklin session. Then my sister and I moved to Los Angeles with my mum in 1968. I was about 11 when she made *Tapestry.* I vaguely remember hearing the songs being played in the house, but it happened so quickly. Suddenly she was very famous, but it didn't really affect my life. People would just say, "Hello, I hear your mother is Carole King." If they said they heard my father was Gerry Goffin, I was more impressed, because it took a real music lover to know about his contributions.

My mum set a good example for me because she was able to have both a career and a family, and she always put the family first. Now that I'm in the music business, it gives me hope that I can lead a normal life, have a family and still do what I like the most.

My most vivid memory of seeing my mum perform is when she opened for James Taylor. It was a very warm audience. In the '70s people really liked singer/songwriters. Then, people actually listened to lyrics. Also it's awesome seeing someone who can have thousands of people in a stadium tapping into the same feeling at the same time. It's something I have always longed to do.

My relationship with my parents was like any other teen-parent relationship. Most girls at 14 tend to rebel against their mothers and are daddy's girls. Still, I talked to my mother more than most teen girls — not because she was in the pop world but because she was younger than most mothers. She's only 18 years older.

My mother was a little lax with me. She did much better with the kids that came after my sister and me. She was stronger with them. The '60s generation was a bit loose with kids. It was very trendy to be free and open and let your kids in on everything back in those days. You should be honest and upfront and tell them about the world. But it's a shame if children are exposed to too much too soon. They lose that innocence of discovery.

I never really chose a musical career. But I never envisioned myself doing anything else. I wrote my first decent song when I was 16 and made my first album (*Kid Blue*) in 1979. Before that I performed at high school talent shows. I was very young, but it was quite easy to get a record deal — well, not exactly easy, but the music business was enjoying an incredible wave of success. Of course, there are certain inherent vocal similarities, but the idea was not to sound like my mother at all but to establish an identity of my own.

There's a big difference in the way my parents respond to my work. My father really listens to the words, which I love. I've worked very hard to get him to say the lyrics are good, because he also has been very hard on me for them. (*Long pause.*) In fact I think it's a good idea not to play your songs for your parents. Music is not about getting your parents' approval.

ZAK STARKEY, *21, son of* **RINGO STARR** *and Maureen Cox Starkey.*

I've been playing in pubs and clubs since I was 12 with different bands. When I was about 10 my dad showed me the basics of drumming and said, "If you want to carry on, do it on your own." The basics are quite easy. It took a couple of hours one afternoon. But it takes quite a few years to get it together properly. But I liked it right away. It was quite easy to relate to my father. He never complained about my musical choices. He's a musician. How can he disapprove of something he started in the first place?

JAMIE PETERSON, *15, son of* **COLIN PETERSON** *(Australian child actor, later drummer for the* **BEE GEES***).*

When I was born Dad had left the Bee Gees about two years before. He was still involved in the music scene for a while but not as a player on tour all the time, so our family life was pretty normal. We moved from England to Australia when I was five. I can't really remember much about life in England.

I learned to play the drums a bit. Dad taught me, but I never really got into playing very seriously. About the only other music I've learned is stuff like playing the recorder at school!

I guess I really decided music would never be for me about three or four years ago, when I discovered sport in a big way. First it was soccer and cricket, but for the past few years it's been golf. Golf is probably the toughest game in the world to play well consistently but I love the challenge and I'd like to be good enough to make it a career.

Over the years, I've probably been to more concerts and met more musicians than most kids my age. They've mostly been really nice people, very outgoing and friendly, but I wouldn't like to be involved in the music world, I've noticed it can be a pretty short-lived career.

The one thing I could do that would shock my parents would be to tell them I'd decided to take up music!

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FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE FINESSE

When the going gets tough, the Alfa Monte Carlo gets going.

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

MONTE CARLO. Principality the size of a postage stamp, snuggled into a spectacular Mediterranean escarpment. Sun-saturated days, speed-soaked nights. Quayside cruisers with piggy-back choppers. Rollers and high rollers. Fast cars, fast life, faster women.

But the name has an alter ego — international

rallying. The Monte Carlo event has long been the blue riband classic of the international calendar. Traditionally staged in the depths of Europe's winter, it brings the world's toughest automotive adventurers face to face with some of the world's worst motoring conditions: snow, ice, sleet, rain, sludge and black ice. And that in combination with some of the most precarious roads in the world: skinny, snaking pavements studded into the vertical faces of cliffs teetering above the Mediterranean.

Drama and glamor are stapled together with a Hollywood flag-off from the Monaco casino. International television spread of the speed and the spectacle assures a high public profile — the Finnish Rally Of A Thousand Lakes may be more dangerous, the Corsican more demanding, but everyone has heard of the Monte Carlo Rally.

That's what Alfa Romeo figured too. So last year they went headline hunting. Alfa France nailed together a pro-team incorporating the statutory almost-unpronounceable (Panciatici-Tilber) and strapped them inside an Alfa 33 1.5 armed with all the necessary navigation equipment.

With Monte Carlo decals slapped on the side, the little machine took on the world's best in the demanding and fiercely contested class for showroom stock motor cars (Group N for the aficionado). The outcome was about as hard to predict as a standard soapie plot. On January 24, 1986, Alfa wrote its name into the record books: first, ahead of every other standard production car in the field, regardless of class or capacity. A win for the goodies, and a triumph for traction over brute power.

And *traction* is what that motor sport effort and this motor car are all about.

The tiny-tot Alfa that humbled Europe's rally giants is a four-wheel-drive machine. Not your he-man, brush-busting, rock-climbing, solid steel bush ape that you see in the macho commercials. No, this is more your refined European high-performance sedan designed purely for the blacktop (or maybe a dash of billiard-smooth gravel). Certainly nothing that would fit the terrain term, "off road".

The mechanical formula is simple. The Alfa 33 is a compact sedan powered by a four-cylinder engine which lies between the front wheels and drives them directly through a 5-speed gearbox (Alfa only makes manual transmission small-perf cars).

Alfa takes an extra driveline from the gearbox (through a sort of power modulator) and runs it down to the rear of the machine to drive the back pair of wheels. A little lever, stuck on the lower dash console, enables the driver to opt for all-wheel-drive or front-drive only.

The idea is that when the going gets tough, the Alfa gets going. It was made for Europe, where the weather gods hurl all kinds of nastiness at the motorist for up to eight months of the year. Snow and ice are of course the worst threats, and it doesn't take an Einstein to work out that four driven wheels will double your traction options.

In Australia, the precipitation of white and slippery stuff is pretty well confined to a little pocket straddling the NSW/Vic border known as the Australian Alps, plus a triangular chunk of dirt south of Melbourne. So you could hardly expect Fred Average to race to form a queue at the Alfa agent for that purpose.

Alfa Romeo recognised that too, and thoughtfully provided the four-wheel-drive machinery inside an estate wagon envelope, which is a bit of a sales bonus since European-style wagons are pretty hard to come by in this country.

Alfa also took some pains to point out other useful applications of all-wheel-drive in this wide brown land — notably on wet, oil-slicked roads, and particularly in the city, where the plethora of dry days ensures a nice thick coating of grease is in place for the infrequent, but no less dangerous, damp ones.

The tiny-tot Alfa is not your he-man, brush-busting, rock-climbing bush ape that you see in the macho commercials.

The little Alfa is also useful for towing pretty heavy loads (for a small car) such as small power and sailing boats up to 1000kg. And for speed enthusiasts (and there are plenty among the ranks of Alfa buyers), there is always the hoo-boy option of some really good blood-pumping performance motoring on slick dirt surfaces. Just nudge that little lever forward, watch the four-wheels come alight on the dashboard indicator, point it at some slippery gravel, and transform yourself, Jekyll and Hyde style, into an aggro, armpit-ventilating rally star.

This machine will do it all for you — growling engine, flailing tacho needle, stone-spitting wheels as you hurl it from lock to lock to opposite lock (tail-out motoring for the expert only).

Alfa have thought of some pretty nice ideas to incorporate in this machine package. First of all they got designer clothes for it (the envelope is crafted by Italian coachcraft genius Pininfarina). This includes trendy skirts, body formwork and aerodynamic roof rails to carry your sports equip (skis, sailboards etc).

Then they inserted Euro-style cloth trim throughout (even the doors are plaid), plus stacks of gear to toy with — electric front windows, Recaro-style seats, AM/FM tuner/stereo deck, washers for lights and rear screen (heater too), fog lights, internally adjustable mirrors, courtesy delay lights on the doors and so on.

The wagon-style rear compartment is nicely thought out with anti-theft full cover (roll-back style for easy use), and hidden storage bins. The rear seats also fold if you want to play commercial carriers on weekdays, or take the kids to the tip at the weekend.

The thing is steered with a nice leather-bound wheel attached to one of the best instrument consoles around, which interprets all those nice Alfa noises that emanate from under the bonnet.

Of course it has all the usual Alfa Romeo attributes underneath — steering that steers, suspension that handles and rides nicely, brakes that stop you so hard and fast you shouldn't drive too fast too soon after brekky.

It has some of the usual Italian automotive foibles as well. One is poor pedal layout (you have to be disabled to use the brake and throttle pedal simultaneously for race-type downshifts), and another is the sometimes wobbly gearshift (a big improvement on earlier Alfas).

The designer dashboard is pretty horrific for switch controls, and the ventilation system is fine for Europe's deep chill but useless in oven-fried Oz (order the optional air-conditioner, or else). The fuel tank is just a bit stingy at 53 litres, but so is the machine's thirst, unless you drive it like an Alfa cries out for, in which case it is still only a moderate guzzler.

Standard equipment list includes metallic paint (silver only), alloy wheels with Pirelli P6 tyres, central locking and internal boot release.

This machine, like all Alfas, is pretty well Keating-proofed (that is, it still represents good value-for-money for an imported car). This is basically because Italy has had a long succession of Keatings who have screwed their lire down to a pretty worthless international level. Aussie-Italian trade is therefore a fairly even exchange of worthless currencies.

So the Alfa Monte Carlo you see here can be parked in your very own carport for as little as about $23,000, at time of writing, but we never know if the clock collector from Canberra is going to apply nuclear therapy to the economy.

Alfa is working hard to shed any suggestion of warranty or body problems with a 12-month unlimited mileage mechanical warranty and a six-year protection plan against corrosion. Resale value on Alfas is up.

Of course, there is also the certainty that Alfa Romeo motoring will never be boring. The Italians build cars with passion and zeal, and offer the owner a hands-on experience in performance motivation.

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1986 PLAYMATE REVIEW

Cast your eyes over last year's line-up and then cast your vote for the 1987 Australian Playboy Playmate Of The Year.

HERIBERT BREHM

MISS JANUARY

Name: Regina Wild
Date of birth: 17-2-65
Star sign: Aquarius
Ambition: To open her own beauty salon.

RICO METTBACH

MISS FEBRUARY

Name: Jakki Govan
Date of birth: 6-2-65
Star sign: Aquarius
Ambition: Happiness in love and a successful career.

BOB WATSON

MISS MARCH

Name: Sandy Walker
Date of birth: 23-3-66
Star sign: Aries
Ambition: To travel the world and be happy.

JURGEN DOMMNICH

MISS APRIL

Name: Susanna Montag
Date of birth: 30-9-64
Star sign: Libra
Ambition: To be healthy and happy.

MISS MAY

Name: Linda Dubbeldeman
Date of birth: 21-4-64
Star sign: Taurus
Ambition: To make it big in showbusiness.

MISS JUNE

Name: Marcia Berger
Date of birth: 25-11-61
Star sign: Sagittarius
Ambition: To be a successful artist.

MISS JULY

Name: Natalie Maline
Date of birth: 3-2-65
Star sign: Aquarius
Ambition: To choreograph Broadway musicals.

MISS AUGUST

Name: Michaela Probst
Date of birth: 4-3-62
Star sign: Pisces
Ambition: To be happy and successful in life.

PETER WEISSBRICH

MISS SEPTEMBER

Name: Sylvie Behar
Date of birth: 25-7-66
Star sign: Leo
Ambition: To become a great success.

ROSIE SCHUCKALL

MISS NOVEMBER

Name: Claudia Muller
Date of birth: 10-1-65
Star sign: Capricorn
Ambition: To succeed as a model and be happily married.

ARNY FREYTAG

MISS DECEMBER

Name: Donna Edmondson
Date of birth: 1-2-66
Star sign: Aquarius
Ambition: To build a real estate empire.

BOB WATSON

MISS OCTOBER

Name: Felicity Collins
Date of birth: 18-5-63
Star sign: Taurus
Ambition: To own a country hideaway and New York apartment.

VOTE FOR THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR AND WIN A DREAM DATE

Record your vote for the 1987 Australian PLAYBOY Playmate Of The Year by entering her name in the space below.
My choice for the Playmate Of The Year is .....

CLOSING DATE FOR VOTES AND ENTRIES IS FEBRUARY 1, 1987. VOTES AND ENTRIES RECEIVED AFTER THAT DATE WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. THE WINNER WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL AND HIS NAME WILL APPEAR IN OUR SPECIAL PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR EDITION IN JUNE 1987.

If you also wish to enter our Dream Date contest to win an all-expenses-paid night out with the Playmate Of The Year, describe in 25 words or less your ideal date.

My ideal evening with the Playmate Of The Year would be .....

.....

.....

Name.....Age .....
Address .....
Postcode .....Telephone .....
Post your entry to:
Playmate Of The Year Contest, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. (Only one vote per envelope will be accepted.)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Your entry to this contest is only valid if you have voted for the winning Playmate Of The Year. When all votes have been counted and the Playmate Of The Year determined, readers who have voted for that Playmate are eligible for the Dream Date contest.
2. The winning entrant's Dream Date with the Playmate Of The Year will take place in Sydney. If the winner resides outside Sydney, all airfares and overnight accommodation costs will be borne by Australian PLAYBOY.
3. All entries must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. You may enter as many times as you wish but only one entry per envelope will be accepted.
4. The prize is not transferable and neither is it redeemable for cash.
5. All entries and copyright in the entries become the property of Australian PLAYBOY.
6. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be judged on creativity and merit by a judging panel of Australian PLAYBOY personnel. The judges' decision is final and no discussions or correspondence will be entered into.
7. The winning entrant shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and allow Australian PLAYBOY to use his name and photographic likeness for promotional purposes.
8. The promoter of this contest is Australian PLAYBOY.

SEDUCTION *(continued from page 50)*

Just as you hoist her on to the sofa for a spot of post-prandial nibbling, Trev and Bazza roll in.

For other menu ideas, consult any of *The Terrace Times* series of cookbooks. Cookery writer Helen Arbib's philosophy is "minimum effort, maximum effect". Sounds good to us. She's not afraid to suggest short-cuts, there are recipes using canned soups, and the methods are easy enough for *anyone* to follow. If you are really worried, try a trial run on your mum or your mates a night or two beforehand. This may be an expensive exercise but it will bolster your confidence for The Real Thing.

Set the table with *fresh* flowers (nothing imitation, please) and candles (no empty chianti bottles allowed) and good cutlery and glasses (borrowed, if necessary). Arrange the chairs so you're sitting in close proximity (corner to corner often works better than across the table). Make sure you are within easy access to the kitchen.

THE COCK-UP

No, this section is not about *that*. It's to do with the various cock-ups that can and do happen if you leave The Seduction to chance. There are almost as many things you must *not* do as there are things you must get right. Here are some classic cock-ups:

1. You make sure the blokes you share with are going to be out for the evening. You forget to check when they're due home. Just as you hoist her on to the sofa for a spot of post-prandial nibbling, good ol' Trev and Bazza roll in from the pub with half the footie team in tow. You must make it clear to the boys that you will stab them, hard, if they come home before noon Sunday.
2. You suggest she puts on some records while you're putting the finishing touches to the main course. You've forgotten to tidy the shelves, so while she's searching for *Moods Of Love* she comes across your video stash. She is not amused to turn up Trev's copy of *Rock Hard Gay Waiters*, Bazza's favorite *World Of Nude Volleyball*, and the communal copy of *On Golden Blonde*. If things have really taken a turn for the worse, she may also expose your dog-eared edition of *Big And Bouncy* and Bazza's mail-order catalogue of sex aids. Tip: Have all the music pre-arranged. Either tape a heap of stuff on reel-to-reel or keep your favorite radio station tuned to a seductive hum in the background. You do not want to be leaping around all night playing dee-jay and you do not want her snooping around those shelves. Inside tip: On the ledger of Successful Seductions, 47 out of 48 average Aussie females came across without further prompting for Rod Stewart's *Tonight's The Night*. Dame Number 48 had a foreign body in her mouth at the time and didn't really have a choice.
3. You forget to unplug the telephone. So it rings, doesn't it? You're percolating the coffee and fiddling with the liqueurs, so she breezes over to the phone. After a meaningful silence she pokes her head around the kitchen door. "Susie wants to talk to you," she crisply informs you. "She has a leaky radiator that she says needs fixing right *now*."
4. You forget to tell your mother not to call round. Things are going swimmingly when in blows Mum (she has her own key, mothers always do) to deliver your freshly ironed laundry. Of course the underpants she bought you for Christmas (your favorites, dear, the boxers with Garfield on 'em) are right on top of the pile. After remarking how she didn't have the faintest idea her son could cook, Mum joins you both for a cosy chat and makes a point of politely quizzing your dinner guest about her father's job, her views on drugs, whether or not she's seen *Out Of Africa* and if she's on the Pill.
5. You forget to set the video recorder to tape the cricket replays. You're stroking her, er, hand with passionate intent when suddenly you catch a glimpse of her watch and realise the time. In mid-stroke you bound from the sofa to go and twiddle the recorder. If there's one thing a woman hates more than being deserted mid-stroke, it's being deserted mid-stroke for the cricket replays.

THE LEAD-UP

Oh, shit. Here it is. Saturday. A Saturday just like any other. Well, almost. Except tonight you're going to seduce the pants off this broad... you *hope*. Move over, Lothario, there's a new boy in town.

9.00am You get up. So far, so good. Hit the shops and buy all the ingredients for The Seduction Supper.

12.00pm Set the table and do a final tidy-up of the lounge and dining rooms. What, already? Yes.

1.00pm Make the bed and straighten up the bedroom. Do an exhaustive search for any dead socks, stray ear-rings or rotted rubbers that may be lurking in the shag pile.

2.00pm Sort out the groceries. Chill the wine; make sure there's plenty of ice in the fridge. Wash the salad vegetables.

3.00pm Take a break. Yes, you're allowed. Have a cup of tea and put your feet up. Isn't housework fun?

4.00pm Iron the clothes you'll be wearing tonight. (For which you may read: Pick up your ironing from Mum.)

5.00pm Take a shower. What, now? Yes. Then shave, check that the bathroom is spotless, put on a bathrobe and splash on some cologne. (Tip: Never wear too much smelly stuff. Women do not get the hots for men who pong like a Bangkok brothel.)

6.00pm Time for the serious stuff. Hit the kitchen. Follow our preparation plan for The Seduction Supper. The entree should be ready by the time she knocks on the door. The main course should be prepared up to cooking stage (oven preheated, all that kind of thing).

7.00pm Put out the snacks, fire up everything for the cocktails.

7.15pm Get dressed. You are not, of course, wearing a brocade smoking jacket, black shirt slashed to the waist or a silk caftan, now are you? You are dressed comfortably and casually in an outfit that will survive the rigors of the kitchen. This ensemble will not, under any circumstances, be covered by a plastic barbecue apron featuring beer labels or bullfighters.

7.45pm You're ready. She may be an early bird.

8.00pm You're still ready. She may be on time.

8.10pm She's not on time. Women never are, silly.

8.15pm Knock, knock. Hell, oh hell.

THE END-UP

Yes, we're still here with you. Just want to make sure you're being suave and sophisticated, have followed the cooking instructions to the last detail, that you're making witty conversation and are not telling tampon jokes and doing Jacko impersonations.

The lights are low, the meal was a resounding success, the records are just right. The mood is so darned sweet you could spoon it on a plate. You're telling her she has wonderful eyes (you mean thighs) and great wrists (you mean tits) and you'd just love to stroke her thumb... You've turned into the biggest liar on two legs but, what the hell, you have finally mastered the art of seduction.

Now you take her to the bedroom. And we're not going to stick around for this bit. What do you think we are? *Perverts* or something?

the Japanese *(continued from page 40)*

Everyone takes the subway — there are more furs underground in Tokyo than any other place in the world.

velvet upholstered carriages and tracks so clean they look blow-dried, are safe enough to send your children out to play on them after dinner. (Everyone takes the subway to their gala evening appointments — there are more furs underground in Tokyo than any other place in the world.) And hard-workingly so: at 8pm, at 10pm, the office buildings are still lit up with the bustle of fast-moving employees setting records for productivity, loyalty, fitness and cheer.

Elegance is the password. From the way an attendant flourishes his brush at the executive shoeshine, to the way seasonal flowers decorate lunch in the employee cafeteria, there's a sense of elan — an attention to detail in the tiny forgettable things — that you don't find in many places around the world. Even a railway conductor manages to make his whistle sound plaintively melodic; and one hears at once that it's on his proud performance that the economic recovery that has stunned the globe is based. Who wouldn't expect great things from a population civilised enough to keep their post offices open late, whose water bubblers are never on the blink, whose musak is so refined you don't grind down your back molars when the telephonist puts you on hold?

It feels like the 21st century. In a land where information is king (more newspapers are read per capita than anywhere else in the world), everyone moves to a souped-up beat. There is a compulsive sense of urgency in this land of over-achievers, as befits a place with scrambled zoning (shinto cemeteries may be cheek by jowl with green-netted golf practice ranges), which experiences six earth tremors per day (the highway hillsides around Mount Fuji actually wear cement skirts to guard against quakes). According to this writer's Escalator Index — whether a city's population stands or runs on escalators — it easily surpasses New York as the earth's rushiest metropolis.

But wait — before you draw conclusions about how more worthy they are to inherit the electronic age, it's well to keep in mind that, behind the glittery zing and modern sophistication, there are a couple of details in the landscape that tell a different story. One is that the Tokyo streets where all this is taking place were laid out in a deliberately circuitous fashion, 400 years ago, to keep foreign assassins from finding their way. Two is that amid the roaring traffic of the old capital of Kyoto stands the shogun castle with its "nightingale floors" that deliberately squeak with each visitor's footfall — to warn of intruders. In a word, they're not as assured as they seem to be.

It's a strain of paranoid self-protectionism that is still very much in the Japanese character today — and may yet prove more their handicap than ours. "They're the most ethnocentric people on earth," complains a Dutch exporter frustrated with their restrictive trade policies, and indeed, as any *gaijin* (foreign devil) knows who has ever been refused service at a Japanese nightclub, they like to take the world on their terms. Biding time, refusing to compromise until the bitter end, they have an exclusionary streak that mocks any international sense of fair play. In this ultra-ceremonial land, one thing brooks no ceremony: they are positively inhospitable about sharing the loot.

Because of that xenophobic streak, it's difficult for the outsider to see what's really at work here — and how much insecurity it masks. More and more visitors, however, are beginning to glimpse that beneath the bravado and finesse that is their well-polished surface, the Japanese are a deeply insecure people. Self-doubt, a contemporary pastime that takes the form of a coast-to-coast debate as to what's wrong with them, is conducted daily on the pages of the newspapers in such a fashion it's been called a national inferiority complex. And the same thing shows up historically, too, as a near-genius capacity for mimicking cultures with which they've come in contact, from the Chinese traders of yore to the British punk stars of today.

Which may explain why people from all over the globe flock there to have their brains picked. Like the Melbourne bio-technologist you bump into on the bullet train — there to market the next generation of pacemakers because he says he can't do it at home. And like the German rocket scientist you run across in the park: Wilhelm Kurtz, who helped design the tiles for a space shuttle and who is now shuttling himself across the Pacific from the US to apply that same technology to making beds that sense your body temperature and self-adjust. Standard question: Why would a top scientist from Berlin go to an 800-year-old Japanese firm in lieu of a modern German one? The all-too-standard response: "Because compared to Japan, everywhere else is obsolete."

But is that true? Are the Japanese really more welcoming of new ideas? Does this show up where it counts — in a showplace of their newest technology, for instance?

Take a closer look. At the Science Expo held in 1984 outside Tokyo, the Japanese mounted an extraordinary forum to show off the latest in science and technological innovations. And certainly it had all the marks of a crowd-pleaser, complete with stampeding families, visiting royalty, even bomb scares, to put the stamp on it of a real event. But what was really new about it? There were high definition TVs, tomographic devices, machines to do simultaneous translation, and an elevated train which proved once again that Japan Air Lines, its manufacturer, is as impressive on the ground as it is in the air. But the rest of it — a monster light bulb, a jumbo TV screen five storeys high, a coffee machine which selects your unique flavor, cutesified robots that draw portraits and make sushi — was any of that so radically innovative?

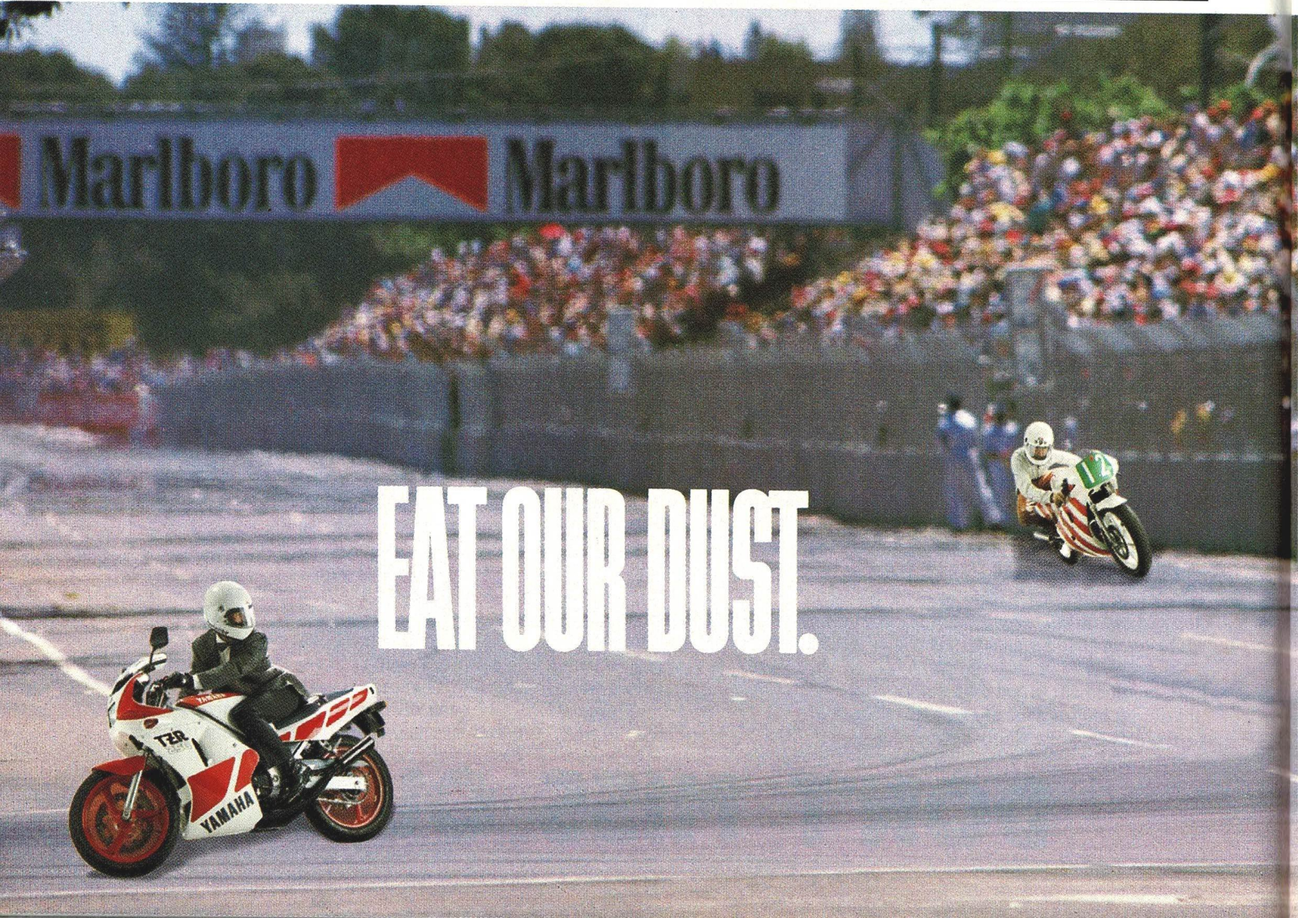
"Underwhelming," said a visiting educator from Paris. "Their education system doesn't promote lateral thinking, so a certain rigidity sets in, and is showing up more and more as a lack of innovativeness." Indeed, a consensus is growing that their education stifles creativity — which is why they excel in hardware (laser printing, robotics) but lag in the more creative field of software. Importing five times as much original technology as they export, the situation is bad enough to have recently led a director of a Japanese research institute to wonder why they've garnered fewer than 20 Nobel Prizes in new technologies. "Our education system is holding back our development," he concluded.

By the same token, take a closer look at their much-heralded work habits. Is there really a lot in their office climate the rest of us would like to emulate? "Sure, the offices are lit up at night, but most of it is paper shuffling," a banker from Mexico City will tell you over his second *sake*. "They've got office loyalty that dictates you don't go home before your boss does, so you sit around doing the modern equivalent of origami with the in-pile."

Executive origami, hmmm. . . But still, it's one big happy family, right? No one ever goes on strike, or if they do it's only for a prescribed length of time, say 48 hours, and when it's over everyone piles off to the company retreat for a great big cosy get-together?

Well, yes and no. It's true the country hideaways are welcomed by the employees, but what works there wouldn't necessarily work elsewhere. Can you see a Kiwi or Aussie bank clerk sitting in a hot tub with his branch manager at a weekend seaside retreat? He'd never forgive the intrusion. Just as he'd blow the whistle on any hint of the sort of "centralised capitalism" they're so proud of, whereby the heads of major competing corporations get together for semi-annual meetings to divvy up markets and think international strategy in unison.

Ditto for the intelligence-gathering techniques which enable their corporations to accumulate so much useful information on the personal lives of their customers. (Does he play golf? Where is his wife's family from?) Perhaps it's true that such



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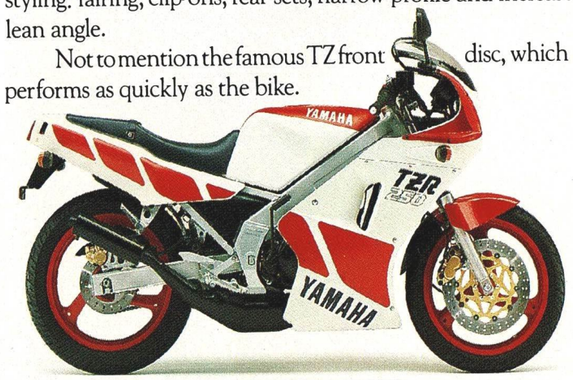

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spying enables them to satisfy their customers' needs in ways we can't imagine, but do we *want* to imagine it? Could our Australian system stomach that kind of prying?

The sort of corporate mind-set that keeps showing up in Japan may not be translatable on to a world-wide scene, and perhaps it's just as well. "They come in in the morning and sing the company anthem," says a real estate developer who frequently does the hop from Sydney, "but that's not the kind of spirit that would serve us well in our world of business, with balls constantly coming in faster than deliveries from West Indian pace bowlers. We in Australia are more rough and ready."

John Fan, a Chinese-born consultant to firms throughout Europe, concurs: "That famous loyalty [of the employee] is something to behold, but it also encourages getting into a rut. When I left my corporation many years ago to go to another firm, it was considered nothing unusual. In Japan it would be seen as a stab in the back to the company. But the Western system of going from company to company promotes a variety of experience, which keeps the ideas percolating."

Nor, if we knew the trade-off, might we be so anxious to have their famous motivation rub off on us. It's true they have a year-end bonus system, a kind of profit sharing whereby their salary depends on their output, but each company employee is slavishly beholden to a central government whose subsidies to a large extent make those profits possible — what some dub "economic totalitarianism". It's true they have cradle-to-grave employment, but they may lack the rough and tumble energy we have when we know our job's on the line. If you're never going to be fired anyway, what's the point of bearing down so hard? If you're never going to be promoted faster than your neighbor, in their rigid system of advancement, why come up with a new idea that's going to set the company's hide on fire?

"There's no method for picking out their fast-trackers and this, in conjunction with the fact that no one is ever fired, tends to gum up the corporate system," says Damien Muir, senior executive of Jardine Matheson, the Hong Kong-based trading company that was the model for James Clavell's *Shogun*. "The result is a company like Mitsubishi which is glutted with older types floating around with nothing to do. There's a growing army of the loyally employed but marginally useful. Typically they'll send 10 salesmen on an overseas job where two or three will do; the others are just there to fill up space, and of course they can't admit it or they'd lose face. The result is they neutralise their employees. Executives are, to all intents, emasculated."

Muir, a Pom who at age 39 has a fleet of Jags and Mercs to squire his beautiful Filipino girlfriend around Hong Kong, will have nothing to do with the Japanese system. "The sheer number of executives means less decision-making power for all, and it adds up to a situation where security is assured, robustness is lost."

The nightmare this presents to outside companies trying to do business is only too well known. The British in Hong Kong even have a phrase, "running into black mist", for coping with the layers of hierarchy, none of which has final authority. But what may only be becoming apparent now for the first time — and getting worse each year — is the sort of problem this poses for the Japanese themselves, by which the very forces which propelled them to the top may yet prove their undoing. If in their exclusivity they're limiting their own growth, if in their coddling of employees they're losing focus, they may be backing themselves into a situation where they're unable to accept help from a world that needs progressively more, not less, economic co-operation.

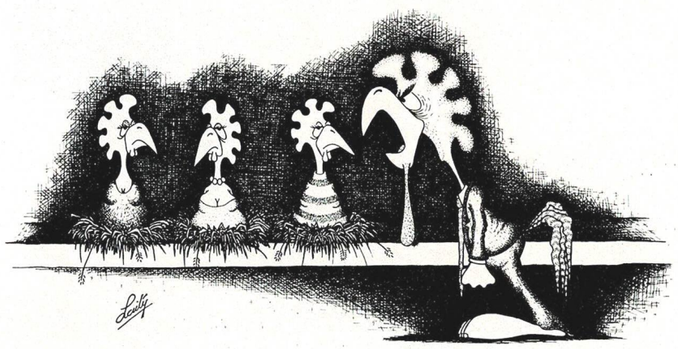
"Their system has produced remarkable strides so far, but one must remember their economic miracle is only four decades old," Muir says. "They've had what amounts to an American-imposed industrial revolution since 1945, but now that it's mature, can they sustain it? I predict we'll soon be hearing about the faltering Japanese economy as these trends become more pronounced."

•

So yes, it's the little touches that make a culture. But if, as the social historians tell us, it's also the little touches that break a culture, perhaps the visitor from afar has an obligation to be clear-eyed about them, too, and the social consequences they imply. For the record, then: yes, their punctuality is legend (as they say, if the train's not on time, your watch must be wrong). . . but their civil service rivals the world's worst for the pettiness of its bureaucrats. Yes, there's so little crime you can leave your bike unlocked on the street. . .but there's also wide-scale underworld racketeering, political bribery, and tax evasion. Yes, they have geisha as charmingly elusive as the mouth-watering plastic desserts in restaurant windows. . . but counter that with the superabundance of ads everywhere (even stitched on movie curtains) and the status-grovelling so endemic that the lowliest motel room will have Pierre Cardin bathmats, the poorest messenger boy will fly the Burberry colors. Yes, they have style. . . but hand-in-hand goes their terminal capacity for the cute which is not limited to tacky surfboard key chains and pink marshmallow ashtrays.

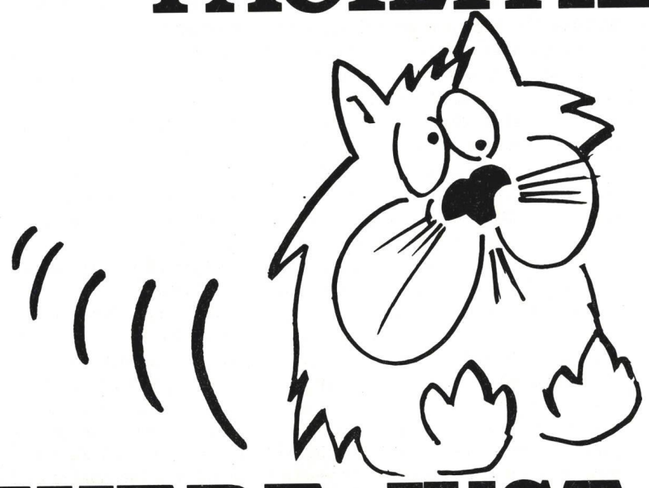
Lest you need any other ammunition to wean you off your Japanese fix, take to heart the fact that the police wear white ankle socks and giggle like schoolboys; the presidents of austere corporations wear yellow polyester ties with pink pelicans; those same blokes refined enough to spend hours sitting in tea houses appreciating the reflection of the moon through rice-paper window shades also have a propensity for prime-time bondage shows and snuff films. Impressive as it is to open a Japanese newspaper and read about a dozen new memory chips on one page, it must be balanced by the observation that with six years' mandatory English language classes, it's rare to come across a man on the street who can speak a word outside his native tongue. And while they certainly know how to entertain their business clients (at a cost of 11 billion yen, their national entertainment expense last year was 25 percent higher than their defence budget), this must be balanced by a recognition of the severe alcoholism problem — and the spectacle of company chairmen being poured into their cabs by mama-sans at closing time — for a true picture of executive life. Something else to keep in mind next time you have an attack of Asian chic.

But look on the bright side. After all, if we find it hard to get along with this brilliantly contradictory people today, it's still better than it was 200 years ago. "They're definitely easier to get on with than they used to be," says Muir of Jardine Matheson, a firm which should know — it was the first foreign company to trade with Japan beginning in 1862. "Back then they used to execute anyone who dealt with the *gaijin*."



"Ya can't all have a flamin' headache!"

IN SOME CONFERENCE FACILITIES



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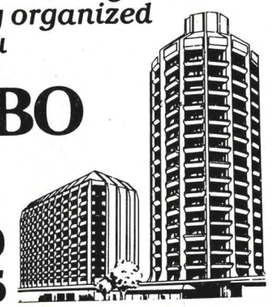

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JOHN BROWN *(continued from page 36)*

I've got an arrangement with Bob Hawke. I don't want his job and he can't have mine.

team and developing skills rather than just that emphasis on winning. It's meant that now, we've got almost treble the number of participants in sport that we had three years ago. We've just instituted a thing called Aussie Sport in the schools and every State Education Department has gladly embraced it. The very good players will still be filtered out, but it means little kids aren't being ridiculed if they're not good. They're being encouraged to play even if they're hopeless, because there's a lot of fun in it. That's the great breakthrough I've seen in sport in Australia. That's my proudest achievement above any.

PLAYBOY: What's your stand on cigarette advertising in sport?

BROWN: I've taken a very strong stand on that. I happen to be not just a non-smoker, I'm a very violent anti-smoker, but I've always respected the rights of the cigarette companies to advertise, provided they only have what they've got now, which includes no advertising on television. I think the argument is quite ridiculous that they should be compelled not to have the Benson & Hedges name on the fence at the cricket, because their sponsorship of one-day cricket, for instance, is about $7.5 million and at least half of their viewers are non-smokers. I hardly think that seeing Benson & Hedges's name on the fence is going to make you go out and buy your first packet of fags.

PLAYBOY: You're also a supporter of random drug testing in professional sport. Isn't some of the apparatus for that more expensive than is justified — for example, in the case of cricket?

BROWN: Well, it's expensive. I don't think you could have breathalysed Ian Botham for having a drag on a drop of hash or something before he went on the cricket field, but I am worried about the sort of drugs some athletes are taking, be they anabolic steroids or any other form of growth hormone or anti-growth hormone that we know some of the Eastern Bloc countries are giving their girl gymnasts to stop them growing too big. As you probably know, we've just started a campaign against drugs in sport in Australia. We've had a very heartening involvement by a great number of Australia's sporting superstars. If we need to send athletes abroad using hormone injections or steroids or anything else in order for them to win gold medals, I don't care if we never win any. Medals won by artificial means aren't real medals anyhow.

PLAYBOY: How about your own sporting pursuits? Who do you play golf with?

BROWN: I've been playing with the Prime Minister. I'd like to think that I'm getting to a stage now where I can spend a bit more time having a game of golf. The health of Australians generally worries me; the health of a politician worries me even more. When I went to the Parliament, my health was absolutely perfect. I got a bad shock when I did my evaluation about 12 months ago to find that my cholesterol level was too high, my blood pressure was above what it should be and I'm four or five kilograms overweight. The whole idea of my portfolio of Sport was to get Australia to be a healthier nation, not necessarily a more successful gold medal-winning nation, but a healthier nation. I'm not the best example of that, and that's a pity. I know it's not a good excuse because 20 minutes a day will solve it, but it's just that if you're working 14, 15, 16 hours a day like we do, that extra half-hour in bed becomes very attractive to you.

PLAYBOY: Were you already a millionaire when you entered politics?

BROWN: It's been written enough, I've never bothered to argue with or to dignify it and I don't intend to now. I suppose if I added my assets together, they'd be in excess of a million but so what? Money has never been one of my great fascinations. If it was, I wouldn't be here.

PLAYBOY: One of your sons became a research officer last year for NSW Labor backbencher Gary Punch. *The National Times* inferred nepotism, which prompted litigation. What happened?

BROWN: I'm glad you brought that subject up. They implied some nepotism there, that's right. They had the wrong kid. My second son, Chris, who was a university student at the time, spent six months working for Gary Punch part-time as a research assistant at night, knocking on the doors of home units before the last election, putting people on the roll. I think he put 1200 people on in six weeks and Gary won by about 500 votes.

As you probably know, *The National Times* never lets up on me, I'm one of its favorite victims. Jon, who is mentioned in the article, is a very independent kid who doesn't live at home, was offended by it [*the article*], and did sue. He got $8,500 from *The National Times*. I laughed like hell and he's as happy as a pig in poop. He's getting an overseas trip out of a nasty little piece in a nasty little newspaper.

PLAYBOY: Another independent sort in your family is your wife, Jan Murray. Has her well-known feminism caused sparks to fly at home sometimes?

BROWN: I suppose that when she decided to go back to her own name, which was about 10 or 12 years ago, I had an instant identity crisis for a couple of weeks. But when I thought about it quietly, it isolated me from the more outrageous statements which she makes in her own name. But she's not of the extremely vitriolic feminism group.

PLAYBOY: She may not be vitriolic, but she's certainly outspoken. For example, there was the time when she told someone on a flight to Canberra that she was going there in order to "get my conjugal rights".

BROWN: That would have been an old friend of mine. She didn't know who he was, he was a fellow I went to school with. I think that was said fairly tongue-in-cheek, I might add.

PLAYBOY: Who do you admire in Australian government?

BROWN: Paul Keating and Bob Hawke. I know that Paul's in the doldrums at the minute in somebody's eyes but one of the pities of politics is that you get no credits for what happened yesterday. The effect that Paul has had, not just on the national economy but on Australia's place in the world in a financial sense in the past few years, has been quite profound.

PLAYBOY: With those long working days and constant travel, how long can you keep doing your job?

BROWN: I don't intend to hang around beyond about 1990. That'd be long enough for me in politics.

PLAYBOY: You're sure you wouldn't want to be prime minister?

BROWN: I know that everyone says that every politician has the key to the Lodge in their pocket or would like to have. It's never been my ambition to be a prime minister. I think we've been very lucky with our prime ministers, very lucky with our political system, and this is a point that's missed. The media in Australia tend to denigrate politicians and the institution very badly. If they really had a look at it, there are 157 Parliaments around the world, there are only 30-odd Oppositions left. While we tend to denigrate politicians in Australia as being on the take, if you trace the history of federal politics you'll find that since federation, there's only been four politicians ever questioned for their honesty: Theodore, Ward, Lynch and Sinclair, and all of them found not guilty. No prime minister has ever been questioned for his propriety.

It's an incredibly onerous job, a job that few people are cut out for. It's not a matter of false modesty — I don't think I'm cut out to be a prime minister. I think that Keating has the mantle of a prime minister on his shoulders and I think one day he'll assume it. I've got an arrangement with Bob. I don't want his job, he can't have mine, because he's the only minister that I think I could hand Sport over to who would do it properly.

SEX

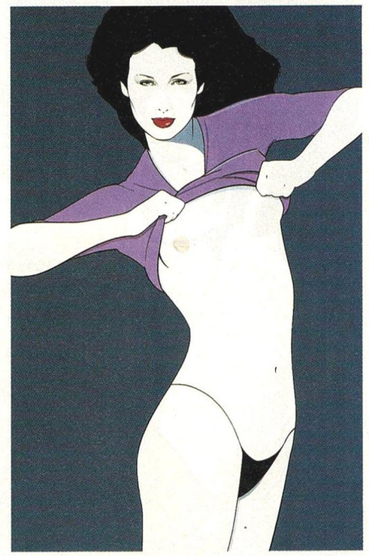
Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

As an 18-year-old virgin, still at school, I can see myself coming into real problems fairly soon. The main problem is that I can't seem to ejaculate by myself or with my girlfriend. I always get a very good erection which my girlfriend and I have maintained for nearly an hour but I have never climaxed. I get extreme pleasure out of this but at the rate at which my girlfriend and I are going, things may become a little embarrassing. When I do masturbate I will have an erection for a period of time, occasionally a few drops of clear liquid come out, but never do I feel a gush. This has only happened during wet dreams when I have woken up with an extremely swollen penis, a very sore stomach and a great wet patch in the middle of the bed. It is because of this I know that nothing is mechanically wrong. When I masturbate I usually start by reading a few magazines and gently feeling myself and getting a hard-on but when I am really aroused I have to force myself and, even pushing hard, nothing happens.

I did begin to take long showers in which I would put things into my anus and push them out. That gave me a great thrill but it didn't give me an erection and I still don't know what an orgasm is and I don't really know if I have had one. I don't even know how to masturbate properly. I can see the possibility of future sex with my girlfriend being a total flop. She may be offended if I don't come.

— A.A., NSW.

I wouldn't be concerned about enjoying anal stimulation. You certainly are not the first person, male or female, to discover that the anus is an erogenous zone and stimulation of the area produces extremely pleasurable sensations. Your antics under the shower have no bearing on the ejaculation problem. While it is far rarer for males than females to experience difficulty in reaching orgasm, the problem of retarded ejaculation or, as it is sometimes called, "ejaculatory incompetence" is well known and can be successfully treated. While most males discover masturbation and reach orgasm easily as part of their normal sexual development, some never really learn to climax in this way and then experience difficulty responding during lovemaking. Once you start to feel tense about not climaxing, orgasm becomes more and more elusive. It sounds very much as if you have got into that type of rut. . . you are *working* at trying to reach orgasm and the tension you experience is inhibiting your normal arousal process. The same happens with women who have never climaxed and like the pre-orgasmic woman, you should be able to teach yourself to climax using a self-help program. A good one is included in Michael Castleman's book, *Sexual Solutions*. Essentially the program involves teaching yourself to focus on enjoying and enhancing erotic sensations as a means of reducing your anxiety about reaching orgasm. You may also like to read *Any Man Can* by William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian. This book has an excellent section teaching men how to masturbate in ways which will enhance sexual response. If you find that doesn't help you, it would be a good idea to go and see a sex therapist who can investigate the psychological factors which may be inhibiting your response. Men who



never learn to masturbate to orgasm often have specific anxieties about some aspect of sexuality, religious taboos, or fears which need working on before it is possible to respond normally. Contact the Sex Help Line, (02) 665 6660, run by the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists, for a referral to an appropriate person.

One final point: it appears you are attempting to hide this problem from your girlfriend. I would suggest you tell her what's happening. She may well be wondering why you haven't climaxed and worrying that she is not arousing you sufficiently. I'm sure she'd much rather know what is going on because then she'd be in a position to help you. I can't imagine why she'd be upset by the problem. . . of all the male sexual problems, this is the one which benefits women the most, so you need have no concern on that score!

I am 25, desperate, frustrated and self-conscious. It is not because of my sexual relationship but because of my breasts. My doctor says not to worry and that I am quite healthy and normal. But each time I have sex or go out anywhere I am reminded about my breast measurements by my boyfriend or friends. My measurements are hips 34, waist 22, bust 32. I would like to know if I can get something done to increase my breasts, like hormone or silicone treatment.

— S.P., Vic.

If I were you I would think first about changing my friends before I would consider doing anything about my breasts. They do seem to be extraordinarily insensitive to make comments about what is obviously such a touchy issue for you. I suggest the next time someone makes such a remark you take them quietly aside and tell them it hurts you to be the butt of that type of joke. Perhaps you have always publicly laughed it off and they assumed you didn't mind. As for your boyfriend, if he really cares about you, I can't imagine why he would be so cruel. Surely you have told him how you feel? If not, it is obvious you haven't established any real intimacy yet. Does he really comment on your small breasts *during* sex? I'd like to see *him* enjoy lovemaking if you were to throw in a few disparaging remarks about his penis size.

What is more important is how *you* feel about yourself. These days it is far more fashionable to have small breasts rather than large ones. Most clothes look nicer on small-busted women and I am sure you know plenty of attractive women in the same boat. I know how hard it is to get over being self-conscious about having small breasts — it took me years to get used to it. You may like to read about my struggle with my body image in my book *Private Lives* (Penguin, 1986). What helps is the discovery there are men who prefer women with small breasts and also plenty of sensitive, loving men who love women just the way they are, instead of wanting them to conform to the traditional, curvy centrefold ideal. I'm sure that in the right relationship you could learn to accept your body.

That doesn't mean you should rule out the possibility of plastic surgery to increase the size of your breasts. Recent developments in breast augmentation operations have meant it is possible to increase breast size, producing breasts that look and feel perfectly natural. I would ring around the doctors in your area, plus clinics such as Family Planning, to see which plastic surgeons they recommend and then go and

talk to one to explore fully what would be involved in such an operation. But think carefully before making this move; in the long run it is very important to learn to like yourself the way you are.

This may not seem like a big problem but ever since I reached puberty I have had trouble relating to girls my own age. Whenever I am around them I seem to be tongue-tied and I am just not attracted to them. I have always been more comfortable in the presence of much younger girls and I find myself more attracted to them. I am currently 16 but at the moment I find myself chasing a 12-year-old. I've considered going to the school counsellor but it is much too embarrassing for me to even bring up the subject. My friends know about my preferences and they are constantly teasing me about it. I try and laugh it off but it really hurts. Are my preferences normal?

— D.D., Qld.

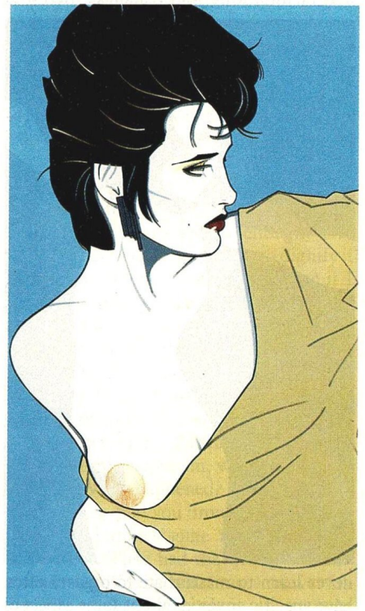
I think it is perfectly normal for 16-year-old guys to feel rather intimidated by girls of their own age. The problem is girls tend to develop and mature physically and often emotionally faster than boys. The sophisticated amazons in your classes probably do their best to make you feel self-conscious by flaunting their preference for older guys. Puberty is a very difficult time for many boys, daily battling embarrassing problems such as acne; squeaky voices; awkward, growing bodies, and unshaveable fuzz on upper lips and chin. Only the brave, confident males do well in the mating game at this age. Most are nervous, self-conscious and afraid of being left out of the race. It's easy to see the appeal of the 12-year-old in these circumstances. To her, you are the confident sophisticate you long to be.

But as you realise, it isn't a good idea to pursue such young ladies. Even if you can establish a relationship with a girl of that age, the chances are you would not be permitted by her parents to go out. It really is more important that you gradually learn to acquire more confidence with girls of your own age. What you probably don't realise is that within your classes there *are* girls who are just as shy as you are. You probably have just never really noticed them. Look around and I am sure you will find quieter, less confident girls who would love to talk to you. Don't think about *chasing* them, just concentrate on learning to feel comfortable talking to them about normal things: schoolwork, sport, hobbies, etc. All you need is practice and then it will all be easier. And don't worry about your mates. I'm sure plenty of them are having just the same problem, however cool they pretend to be.

There is only one problem in my life. Although I have lots of friends, family, a great social life and get girlfriends easily, I am gay. If I lived as a homosexual openly, I am sure it would mean giving up all my friends and family (they would disown me for sure), and anyway, I don't know if I could handle a relationship with a guy. I know I can't live the life (or lie) that I'm living at the moment with so many failed relationships with girls behind me, so I'm taking a stab in the dark and hoping that you can help me. Do you know if hormone treatment could help me? Besides making me more masculine, could it strengthen my attraction to girls? I am attracted to them at the moment but not enough. I'm not bisexual. I know that this is a very serious business and that I'd have to follow it through seriously with a doctor or a psychiatrist.

— C.P., WA.

I wish I could help you. There are very few men and women in your situation who don't feel as you do. . . desperate to find some means of changing themselves, or ridding themselves of their homosexual inclinations. Believe me, many researchers and therapists have tried to change sexual orientation using all manner of therapy techniques, drugs, hormones etc. Unfortunately such attempts have generally failed dismally. If someone is bisexual, it is



possible to work with him or her to reduce anxieties which may be inhibiting heterosexual relationships and sometimes heterosexual attraction can be increased in these circumstances. But at the moment there is no evidence that it is possible to create a heterosexual attraction when it doesn't already exist.

This doesn't mean someone eventually won't come up with an effective approach. But the homosexual community has, for a long time, been bitterly opposed to any attempt to change sexual orientation, believing that such research implies homosexuality is deviant behavior and makes it more difficult for gay people to accept themselves as they are. Since the threat of AIDS appeared, however, there are now many more gay men having problems with their identity. There is no doubt many would choose to change if this proved possible.

You seem quite sure you are not bisexual and mention that you have had a series of failed relationships with women. I assume this means you have difficulty becoming aroused and responding sexually with females. Your certainty that you are gay presumably means you don't have the same problem when having sex with males.

A therapist investigating your sexual orientation would also want to know about your sexual fantasies, your thoughts during masturbation and your sexual attraction. Do you find yourself noticing and responding to females and males or do only males attract your sexual attention? If, in all those circumstances, your sexual focus is entirely on males, I would be very pessimistic about the chances of increasing your attraction towards women.

I still feel it would help you to seek counselling. Even if nothing can be done to change your orientation, this does not mean it's impossible for you to live as a heterosexual. Let's face it, there are plenty of homosexual men who have relationships with women, who marry and have children. The problems in this situation relate to your ability to maintain a satisfactory sexual life to the level of your sexual drive and that of your partner, on your ability to become aroused with a woman, and on the chances of your continuing to desire sexual contact with other men.

Maintaining a happy relationship in those circumstances has never been easy and AIDS has made it all even more difficult but it can be done. The alternative — living openly as a homosexual — ultimately may be the better solution. Some of the issues which frighten you at present may turn out to be far less of an ordeal than you expect. Most homosexual people, like you, are afraid of the reaction of family and friends, but usually do find some support, often from unexpected sources. As for handling a relationship with a guy, that is something you could learn. If you contact one of the gay counselling groups (they are usually listed in the telephone directory), they will recommend an appropriate therapist who is used to dealing with sexual identity problems. Do seek help. This is a very difficult issue to deal with on your own.

Just recently I had surgery for a prostate gland, which was performed through the eye of my penis. Since this operation I am unable to get a proper erection. It seems to get hard for a short time and then it goes flaccid. I am unable to ejaculate at all. Is this normal after this kind of operation? What can be done to solve the problem? I am 56 years of age.

— P.F., Qld.

It is most unfortunate that you do not appear to have been given adequate counselling prior to the operation. Your doctor should have told you that it is normal not to experience ejaculation after this operation (which is called a *transurethral*

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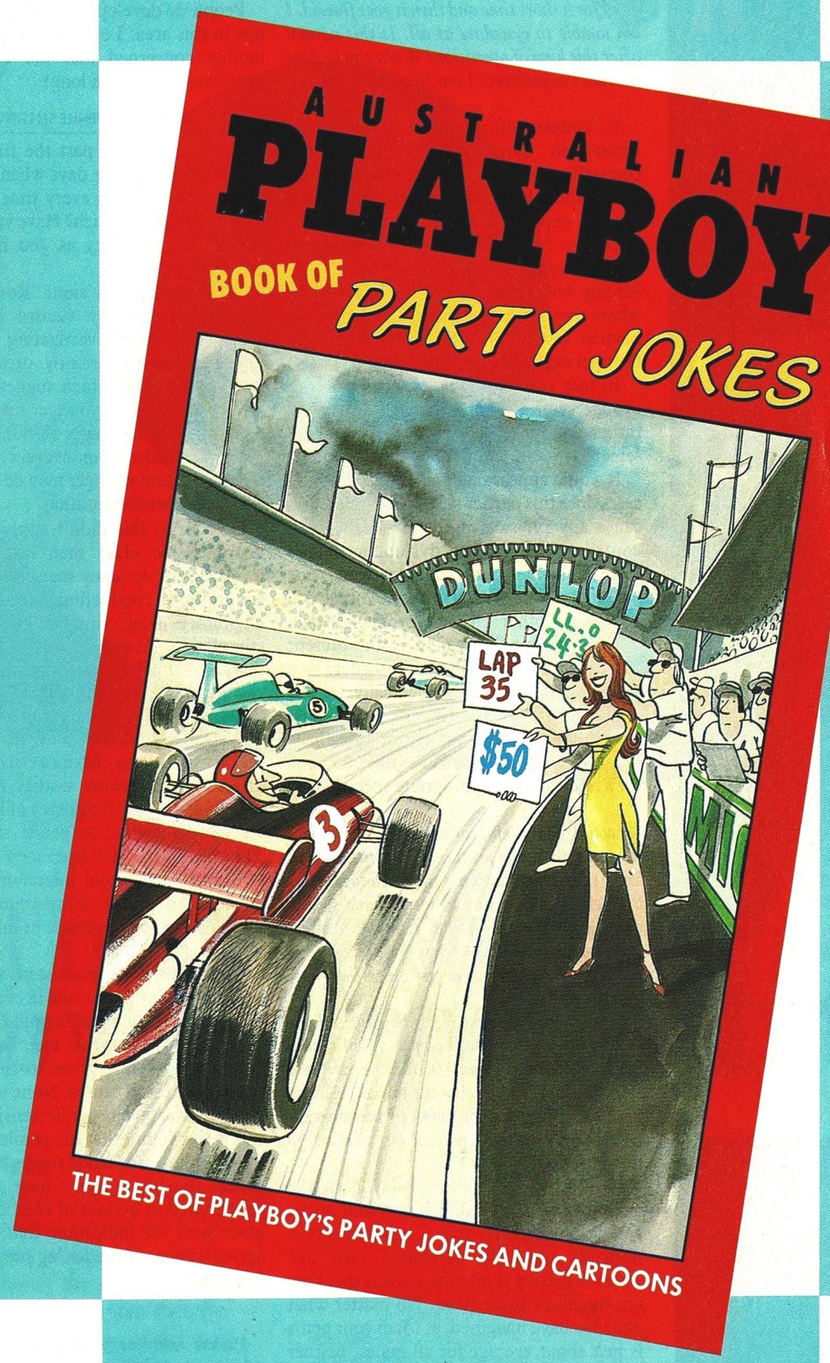

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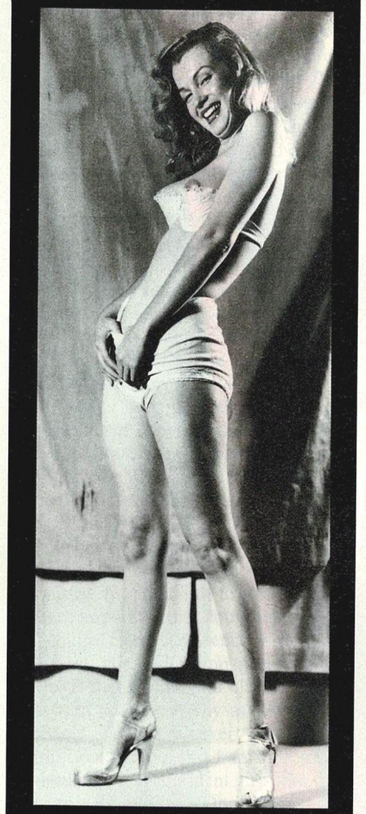

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resection of the prostate). You are experiencing what is called *retrograde ejaculation*, where the ejaculate is pushed back into the bladder instead of being released through the opening at the end of the penis. You may notice that if you urinate soon after ejaculating the urine is rather cloudy. This is due to the presence of semen. Only in 10 percent of cases does this particular prostate operation cause any physical problem which could contribute to erectile dysfunction. It is more likely that your erectile problem is due to anxiety. It is of course possible that you have some other physical problem which could be contributing to your present difficulties such as a vascular disorder. Visit a medically trained sex therapist who could investigate all these possibilities and suggest appropriate treatment. Contact the Sex Line (02) 665 6660 for a referral to an appropriate specialist.

PHONE FANTASIES

You may have noticed advertisments in some Australian magazines and even suburban newspapers offering telephone sex, or dial-a-fantasy. It's still small business in Australia, but in the USA fantasy phone sex has been around for 15 years. Recently a paper was presented at the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex (based in San Diego) discussing questions about this intriguing service, such as: Who dials the numbers? Who answers? And when they answer, what do they say?

Nicki Berke, owner of Dial-A-Friend, a moderate-sized service in San Francisco, explained that fantasy phone sex is used mostly by men, both straight and gay:

Female callers are rare, as are couples. The calls are usually answered by women, although many services also have male facilitators. Some, catering to gays, have an all-male staff.

Each week an estimated 40,000 calls are placed to phone sex businesses in the US and Canada. With each call costing $35-$45, it's a multi-million dollar business. Calls can be charged to MasterCard or Visa or prepaid by cheque or money order.

Dial-A-Friend, started over four years ago, usually has between 10-20 "facilitators" talking to a total of over 3000 repeat clients.

Ms Berke reports that conversation usually begins with small talk and then quickly moves on to more explicit matters. She finds first-time clients are often rather nervous and need prompting from her facilitators who ask the clients about their masturbation fantasies or specific sexual interests.

Sometimes the conversations are total fantasy, with the facilitator pretending to be the reluctant maiden, perhaps, or the wicked seductress, the sadist, the whore. The caller is in control, explaining the fantasy of his choosing with a passionate and enthusiastic partner. Berke finds some callers use phone sex to add balance to their sex lives:

For 15 months, one man called Dial-A-Friend to talk about his seductive wife and her frequent sexual escapades with younger men. When asked if it were really true, he replied, "No way! My wife is as straight as an arrow, and I love her very much. It's a way of getting away. Sometimes life gets a little too humdrum."

For others, phone sex apparently provides opportunity to reveal distressing problems. When one man called, his fantasies invariably focused on ejaculating during intercourse, something he did not experience in real life. After many repeated calls, he discussed his problem with the facilitator, who made a few suggestions and referred him and his wife to a local sex therapist. The therapist worked with them, successfully eliminating the problem. Berke believes that people who call to discuss sexual issues are not the same people who typically seek counselling. "For some," she says, "phone sex is an intermediate step that leads to therapy."

Berke has surveyed callers to Dial-A-Friend, receiving a 90 percent response to the 1000 surveys she mailed out. She found the callers who responded tended to be mid-to-upper income professionals who are able to afford the substantial fee plus the cost of the phone call, which is frequently long distance. Most were married (75 percent), in the 20-39 age group (82 percent). The most common fantasies were anal sex, sexual triads, with bondage also showing a strong following.

According to Berke, telephone sex has its advantages. It's easily available, avoids exposure to sexually transmitted diseases, the caller needn't worry about performance anxiety nor experience guilt about betraying his partner. The popularity of this type of service is such that it even managed to rate a mention in the recently released report of the US Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, which included a recommendation that the Federal Communications Commission impose sanctions against providers of "obscene Dial-a-Porn telephone services". Despite the commission's plea, the services don't seem under threat at present as the commission's report has generally been discredited, and it seems unlikely that the government will act on the recommendations. So, Dial-A-Friend, or Dial-a-Porn, however you view it, is likely to remain a thriving business, both in America and here in Australia.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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